

Maclean's

APRIL 30, 1979

75¢



LORD OF THE BAY

Ken Thomson

ELECTION '79

Does B.C. hold the key?



First a naturalist, archaeologist, ecologist. Then a miner.

The Laurentide Glacier began retreating to its icy home.

Back down the Athabasca Valley to the Arctic Circle, taking with it the ice shield that had covered Northern Alberta.

But that was thousands of years ago. Left behind were the wide terraces and gently rolling terrain of the Swan Hills. And below the surface, coal.

Today coal is important in helping fill Canada's energy basket, but long before Esso Resources' can start to recover these new found deposits, we must also discover what effect development might have on the area.

On the wildlife. On the archaeology. On the vegetation.

Only then can we get down to the mine.

The plant ecology program

Study of soils and vegetation are prerequisites to reclamation planning. Detailed vegetation research is required to restore and stabilize long-term disturbed by mining.



The archaeological survey

As part of a heritage research program, students from the Alberta Vocational Centre, Lac La Poudre, are practicing traditional native lifestyles while in the field, as they learn about the historical aspects of the region.



The wildlife and fisheries program

The quantity, distribution and habitat of animal and fish populations are being determined by Esso Resources research groups, similar to fish shows. The purpose is to minimize or eliminate impact from development.



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*Esso Resources is a subsidiary of Imperial Oil Limited.

Editorial

Which is the real issue? A more powerful PM, or the making of a less passive electorate?



By Peter C. Newman

"I search you," Oliver Cromwell raged at the haughty elders who ran the Church of Scotland without consulting their congregations. "I search you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken."

It's an appeal many a Canadian voter feels like hurling at the nation's political leaders, as that happens in the marches (each following the lead of his computer) toward May 22, devoid of the slightest eruption of inspiration, enlightenment or even eccentricity. You can feel the waves of indifference in the high-backed auditoriums watching people watching Pierre Trudeau, Joe Clark and Ed Broadbent, as each man spends the lengthening spring evenings propping his image for that all-previous 30-second television clip. Their entire message adds up to one unapologetic appeal: vote for me, and don't vote for the other guys.

Either way, it seems like a wasted effort. This campaign should be reworking the consensus on which our parliamentary democracy operates, with the politicians reaching into the almsbowl circuits of our psyche, trying to capture individual allegiances and collective trust. This can't be achieved through grandiose posturing, only through an understanding appropriate to this particular moment in our history.

We may be witnessing the final collapse of the left/right categorizing that until not so long ago was a useful way of differentiating the pictures. None of

today's important issues—national unity, inflation, foreign ownership, reform of Parliament—fits into the traditional political spectrum. The clutter of partisan rhetoric due to flood the airwaves during the last two weeks of the campaign will only emphasize how exhausted the old political dogmas have become and how little substantive difference there remains among the various power-players.

Perhaps it's time we began viewing our seemingly depleted politicians in a more realistic perspective, less as supermen on whom we can dump our problems, frustrations and failed dreams and more as agents of our aspirations whose main assignment it is to set us free to fulfill our individual destinies. By defining our own terms of action, we, and not the politicians acting as our proxies, would become the agents of social and economic change—architects of the society in which we live (and most of us) work.

This radically new approach would raise political involvement from a quadrennial nuisance, roughly ranking in expended energy with a boy scout apple drive or a Thanksgiving turkey raffle, to a predominant personal imperative. It's not too unrealistic an expectation, nothing less than the future of our country is at stake.

This election may turn out to be significant not for what the politicians choose to say, but for what the people decide to do. It's a contest concerned as much with the making of an electorate as the making of a prime minister.

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APRIL 30, 1979

The Soviet dissidents have a lawyer—in Montreal

by Ken Becker

A lawyer without history or literature is a machine, a mere working man, if he possesses mere knowledge of them, he may even be called *Amos*—an architect—Sir Walter Scott, *City Messenger* (1815)

Irina and Anatoly Geller were married March 25 in Montreal. There were 300 guests at the reception. But the two people who drew Irina and Anatoly together, who were, in effect, responsible for the match, were most conspicuous by their absence. Anatoly Shekharansky was in Washington, celebrating for her husband, having dinner with Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin as the eve of the signing of the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty, her husband, Anatoly Shekharansky, is the Tatar Republic, in the Kama River valley of the Soviet Union, in Chuvot prison.

Irina Geller, 38 years old, a second-generation Canadian, a Jew of Eastern European descent, law professor at McGill University, has spent the last two years trying to free Anatoly Shekharansky. Though they've never met, Geller is Shekharansky's lawyer, Anatoly Geller, fourth-generation Jewish-American, educated Soviet, close friend of Anatoly Shekharansky, has spent the last year trying to free Anatoly Shekharansky. She was Geller's researcher before she became his wife.

That's why on the night of their wedding they surveyed the felicity that surrounded them and sensed a certain void. They reminded each other that the day after Anatoly and Anatoly Shekharansky were married she was forced to leave the Soviet Union, that the Shekharansky's separation happened nearly five years ago, that she has not managed to have since her arrest on March 16, 1977. "Now," says Geller, "we only hope that someday our families will be



The Gellers with their daughter and (below) Shekharansky, long-distance love



together, that, someday, our children will play together."

Geller first met Anatoly Shekharansky in Montreal in the winter of 1973 at the home of mutual friends. It was her first trip to North America. She was already living in Israel and already spending most of her time campaigning for her husband's right to leave the Soviet Union. Anatoly Shekharansky, first becoming a leading spokesman for the Jewish dissident movement in Russia, was at the time a refugee (the name Soviet Jews have given themselves after they've been denied permission to emigrate to Israel). "I see in Anatoly's dark eyes an urgent cry for help," says Geller. "I felt an immediate personal empathy for this woman and her plight."

Geller had been concerned with the fate of Soviet Jews for some time. In 1962, while on a university fellowship in Poland, he spent four months traveling in the Soviet Union, studying its legal system. But what he really studied was the fate of Soviet Jews. American writer Rose Wiesel's "Jews of Siberia" drew his eyes. Geller told her what the Shekharansky and the Gellers would articulate in the '70s. "I realized then," says Geller, "that the real Jews of silence were here in Canada and the United States."

In the spring of 1964 Geller joined a demonstration on the McGill campus, believed to be the first mass outcry for Soviet Jewry in North America. In 1972 he helped form the Canadian Academic Committee for Soviet Jewry. But it was not until his involvement with the Shekharansky case that Geller began to take an active enough part to please his own conscience.

He saw Anatoly Shekharansky in Jerusalem in 1971, a few months after Anatoly's arrest. (He also met his wife at that time.) Anatoly asked him to do what

he could to foster support in Canada, he said he would. He saw her again in November, in Montreal. After some impassioned "hostility party exchanges" at a dinner with several lawyers, Avital and Geller talked for a very long time. They decided she would give him power of attorney (to sue through) and launch a home-bias legal appeal to the Soviets. Meet them as their own terms.

"The Soviets are very proud of their justice system," says Geller, "as well they should be. Their constitution and criminal code is a veritable model for human rights. It is very good. It is very functional very well. But in cases like Shekharansky's, in political cases, the face of Geller justice is revealed. We set out to compile a document that would not only be a testimonial to Shekharansky's innocence, but the innocent of those who have associated themselves with the Jewish emigration movement, a document that would stand the test of time for the whole human rights expression in the U.S.S.R."

Anatoly Shekharansky returned to Israel to gather documents and take testimony from people who had left the Soviet Union. Anatoly, who was in Washington participating in a program for foreign parliamentarians, came to Montreal and became Geller's full-time researcher. Geller's investigation and vacation were finally well—his passion for human rights and his skill with the law would free Anatoly Shekharansky.

Irina Geller was born in Montreal on May 15, 1940. As a child, his father taught him the Talmud, the ancient Jewish text and religious law. At Talwood Torah elementary school and Herzl high school he received all his secular education from poet Irving Layton. "Layton taught me a philosophy of life that juxtaposed well with the Talmudic learning I got from my father," Geller says. "And my father was a great admirer of A.M. Klein and Frank Scott, who were both lawyers. It was always a nice thing for me to think that poem could be lawyers, or perhaps were so important, that lawyers could be poets."

After graduating from McGill law school, Geller did graduate work in international law at Yale University. There he received what he calls the "inspiring influence" of such U.S. school lawyers as Louis Brandeis, Benjamin Cardozo and Felix Frankfurter—that "there is no dichotomy between law and life, that law is not an expression of a philosophy of life, not merely a job of planning."

"The document Geller compiled during the spring and summer of last year is not only a testimonial to the innocence of

Anatoly Shekharansky and the human rights movement in the Soviet Union, it is a testimonial to the dedication of the principles of Jewish Center. "The Shekharansky Case," running to 960 pages of argument and documentation, it forthrightly makes the points that Shekharansky could be exposed caught in the grasp of totalitarianism, that Shekharansky's first and only crime was that he wanted to emigrate to Israel to be with his wife, that all subsequent "crimes" were his protests against the trial of that very human need.

But it goes much further. It cites Soviet law in illustrating that per arrest harassment and surveillance of Shekharansky were illegal, that he was criticized through the media, in the party newspaper *Izvestia* and a TV documentary called *Tradition* in which he called him "an enemy of the motherland," that the arrest itself was carried out illegally by the KGB, without a warrant or court action, that he was detained

in prison, incommunicado, without trial, for more than the nine-month limit prescribed by Soviet law, that he was denied the right to counsel, his identity isolated from the Soviet Union and replaced by a court-appointed and KGB-approved lawyer, that witnesses were intimidated and coerced into giving testimony. Every argument was supported by documentation. It is a 960-page document and there are about 30 key points—no case, under Soviet law, for quashing the indictment and setting aside the judgment," Geller says.

He tried to communicate his evidence to Shekharansky's court-appointed lawyer. He got no response. He asked for permission to enter the U.S.S.R. to counsel with his client. He acknowledged that he had no standing in a Soviet court and asked merely to act as an advisory role that his registered letters and telegrams and phone calls were unanswered.

Anatoly Shekharansky was convicted last July 14 in a three-story state courthouse on a Moscow side street. He was sentenced to 13 years in prison for high treason and anti-Soviet agitation.

Liam Auger, Geller and Anatoly Shekharansky met with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and gave him a copy of their legal appeal. "I think," says Geller, "that the prime minister appreciated that this was not an attempt to impose our cultural values on the Soviet Union, that we were working within the framework of Soviet law." Trudeau was apparently so impressed, in fact, that he had the document transmitted to Moscow and urged sent to Soviet legal authorities and the Shekharansky's family.

Though the document has become something of an "underground best-seller" in the U.S.S.R. and has served as an inspiration to the human rights movement and the Shekharansky family, Geller has received no response from Soviet legal authorities. Nor did he really expect it.

Has it all been worth it? Does Geller believe his labors will finally make a difference? In fact, that's not what matters to him. "As Edmund Burke said, 'The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for enough good men to do nothing.' And that links up with what for me has always been a philosophy of life and goes right back to my roots, and that's the Talmudic expression of the sage Hillel: 'If I'm not for myself, who will be for me? If I am for myself, who will be for me? If I am for myself, who will be for me?'"

Anatoly Shekharansky at an Ottawa press conference, holding David Justice



CLOSEUP

The new winner: Con Lit

By Marilyn Read

Roger Caron began to write his Governor-General's Award-winning book, *Go-Boy!*, in the Kinsmen pen in December, 1963, using

Go-Boy! from among 256 titles in the best-seller book published in 1979 had made a mistake. Good news for Caron, usually turned out to be some kind of mistake.

A year ago, when Caron (name No

beginning in Eastern Canada—Guelph, Kingston, Collins Bay, Millhaven, St. Vincent de Paul, Stony Mountain, Dorchester and Penetanguishene, where the mentally insane are

Portrait



After 24 years in jail, Caron's writing has gotten back: words are the key

4050 was at Collins Bay serving 16 years for bank robbery and jailbreak, he was told by prison administrators on a Friday that he had been granted parole and would be released the following Tuesday. In true inmate tradition he started going away his personal belongings, including his personal travel chair. But the release never happened. On Monday he was told it had all been a mistake and that he would be at Collins Bay for another four months. The four months turned out to be six.

So it took several phone calls to convince Caron that the book he had written for personal therapy when all star had faded had won him not only a chance at freedom in the outside world, but a national literary honor and \$5,000 in prize money.

In the latest entry to *Go-Boy!*, Pierre Berton describes Caron as a "matured man," a guy who at the age of 16 had served time in all the major pen-



institutionalized. *Go-Boy!*'s prison slang for a reason, it's what the inmates chant when someone makes a break for freedom. Caron was a go-boy 13 times; six escapes were successful. But as a career convict, Berton was right: Roger Caron was a loser.

According to Caron, life began to slide downhill when he was still a teenager. Born into a poor French-Canadian



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family in Cornwall, Ontario, he was one of 13 kids. His father was the biggest bookshop in town, a man who justified his trade by turning over 50 per cent of his earnings to the Catholic Church. "Everybody in my family possessed violence tempers and were so opinionated that sometimes their arguments bordered on madness."



Disorder-Generalist Caron and his wife Lily with Caron's "Mad Dog Caron" msn.

Until he was 11, he was plagued by nightmares that left him physically sick and by the time he was 11 he was a "silly rebellious boy." "I left a ten-minute drive to do something shocking, the more people bad-mouthed me, the worse I got. Soon everybody was predicting my doom, saying I was going to die at the end of a rope like a notorious bandit."

From then on, Caron says, he lived out other people's expectations. This led him in October, 1964, at the age of 16 to a cell at Guelph reformatory for a fumbled attempt to break into a sporting goods store in Cornwall.

Conflicts with prison staff, mingled with escape attempts, actual breakouts, robberies, new sentences and more confinement became the story of his life. By the time he was 21, Caron had no intention of going straight. "If someone hit me, I hit back. My fists were like two damned playmats with a wand and a temper of their own." Caron says his only ambition was to become a better robber, so that one day he could commit a million-dollar score "to prove to the system I wasn't a loser."

At 31, he picked up some books from the library at the Kingston pen and be-

came enthralled with the feats of Sir Edmund Hillary and Jacques Cousteau. The issue there was always the man versus the element. Caron soon adopted a Jesse James vision of himself, he was going to be remembered by people as one of the greatest bank robbers of all time. Perhaps the closest he ever came to achieving James was in 1972,

when he broke out of the Brecksville jail where he was being held for a bank holdup. Armed with a wooden revolver, he looked up three guards, rifled the jail's safe, then drove into New York state in a stolen Volkswagen. There he and an accomplice robbed a bank. When his accomplice was arrested, and the stolen money retrieved, Caron slipped back across the border to Toronto where the Metro police gave him Jesse James at the book.

At the trial following his Toronto arrest, he heard the judge and Crown attorney describe him as "a criminal psychopath—a hopeless case." Caron was an official product of Canada's penal system.

During his 24 years inside, Caron sampled some of the most barbaric rehabilitation techniques the country's penal system had to offer in the 1950s. The Limbo Room at Guelph consisted of a wall with "a mass of metal tubing contoured to embrace a human form and, affixed to it, shadon and restraining straps" where three leather straps whipped the flesh from the victim's naked buttocks. In February, 1964, Roger Caron took his turn in the Limbo Room. The Chinese cell at Kingston, a special, barren, cold cell designed to make a man feel so lonely that he just wanted to die. "Then there were the

electric shock treatments and experiments with gas, after which he "swished all the windows in my room with my hands and head and put my face through the glass." But perhaps worse than the physical torture were the years spent in military confinement on a diet of bread and water, in a cold, damp cell, such a concrete slab for a bed, under the glare, day and night, of a 200-watt bulb. It was here in solitary, after he learned the power of a few words spelled out on his cell floor, that *Go-Boy!* began.

He filed scribbles after scribbles with words interrupted by commas, periods or paragraphs. When he was transferred to Stoney Mountain, the scribbles went with him. "The most travelled and unwanted prisoner in the country," or "Mad Dog Caron," as he was known to the press, was then released to St. Vincent de Paul near Montreal. It was here, in the winter of 1968-69 that the manuscript was typed, all 1,800 pages of it.

The book had become his lifeline and when he re-entered Kingston in 1971 for conspiracy to rob, he kept at it until the release riot of April 14, 1971. For four days, the army surrounded the building while 14 "undesirables" (rapists and child molesters) and six guards were held hostage inside by the prisoners. Two of the undesirables were killed, 12 others mutilated. Caron took his halting manuscript, wrapped it in plastic marked "Manuscript Only" and carried it around with him during the siege. At one point, he hid it under one of the dead inmates. After the riot was brought under control he was forced to hand his manuscript over at the point of a bayonet. What had taken him 20 years to write was then tossed into a pile of garbage, and Caron was packed off to Millhaven. More than a month later, one of the teachers who had worked at the Kingston pen was standing in the doorway of his cell with the manuscript in his hand, having found it under a pile of prison refuse at the Kingston city dump. Caron said he felt like a mother being handed back her long-strapped child.

Caron had sent *Go-Boy!* (still in a punitive state) to Doubleday and McClelland and Stewart in 1968-69. It was rejected. After much rewriting and considering he shipped it off to MacMillan in 1973. Agate rejection. "The editor

How MUCH OF HIS HANDICAP IS IN YOUR HEAD?

To consider a negative attitude as a handicap is not a new idea for you and I. It may be uncomfortable but nevertheless we can maintain it and still become contributing members of society. However, to the physically disabled person, your attitude could be one more unnecessary stumbling block to their achieving their independence. Your attitude may even be preventing you from seeing that if it is, you may well ask your self how much of his handicap is in your head?



Our attitude towards the disabled is their biggest handicap.

The Canadian Association of the Physically Disabled is a non-profit organization. For more information, contact the Canadian Association of the Physically Disabled, 1000-1000, 1000-1000, 1000-1000.

Of mice and men and micro-electronics

At first encounter Moonlight doesn't seem too bright. Sticking the end of a straw into his ear, he simply slurs into the wall and shudders to a full stop. He says there looking stunned and bewildered for a moment, then suddenly snaps back to life and, with a faint growling of gears, swivels 90 degrees and trundles off in a new direction.

The awkward, nonverbalizing Moonlight is rapidly gaining a reputation as the world's smartest robot mouse. What he lacks in grace he makes up for in his uncanny talent for negotiating complex mazes. Twenty-nine-year-old trailer Art Boland of Richland, Washington, who showed Moonlight at a recent computer exposition in Toronto, is convinced there isn't a mouse around that can touch him. He'll get his chance to prove it at an annual showdown to be held in June at a New York computer show—the Amazing Micro-Mouse Contest. Art's electronic rodent will run mazes against the best in quest of fame and a \$5,000 first prize.

The competition, explains organizer Roger Allan of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, is intended to encourage the development of

artificial intelligence. Using the latest microcomputer chips, students, engineers and hobbyists are designing and building self-contained micro-mice to travel through a complex maze in the fastest possible time. Allan hopes the race will raise public awareness of microcomputer technology which, in turn, would promote the development of new and improved products.

Is Moonlight intelligent? Does he really learn? Well, in a way. Under his smooth Fiberglas exterior, he reveals not only a tiny computer "brain," he also has an electronic "memory." While he is traversing the course this memory keeps track of distance travelled from the starting point. At every junction, the infra-red "eyes" inspect the layout and feed this information to the brain.

When the decisions are made, they are carefully filed in memory.

A Moonlight prototype first demonstrated his serene abilities last summer at the contest's initial trial run held (appropriately enough) at the Disneyland Hotel in Anaheim, California. Each competing mouse was allowed three demonstration runs through the eight-by-eight-foot maze. Moonlight made it through on every attempt, but each time chose a different route, avoiding the pitfalls of the previous trial. On the final run he clocked a snail-like 51 seconds compared to the sluggish four minutes and 32 seconds for second-place robot, Microbot. On the victory lap, however, Moonlight showed he had learned from the early trips by taking through the maze in 40 seconds flat.

But building a better mouse is not easy. Of the 6,000 mouse-makers who put up \$100 a year ago to register for next June's contest, only a handful have seen their best-laid plans materialize. The mouse? Time and money. "His engineers spent more than 500 off-work man-hours to build Moonlight," says

Moonlight at play and (below) with his "brain" exposed, gearing up for New York.



Boland. The project cost \$300 for parts and \$10,000 in donated computer time to design the circuits. According to Allan, the results show the investment. "One of the remarkable things about Moonlight is the amount of intelligence and capacity that can be put into such a small place—everything on a five-by-five-inch circuit board." Whether the technological fallout from this quarter-sized mouse will really benefit society remains to be seen. But for now, Art Boland can at least hope to pick up \$1,000 in June from the winning ways of Moonlight—the mouse that learned.

Allan Bailey



CHEVY CITATION

The 1980 Chevy Citation is a car of contrasts.

It's compact, but it's big inside. It's versatile, but sporty, too. It's quick, but also very smooth.

The pull of front wheel drive.

The heart of Chevy Citation is its front wheel drive. With 64% of the weight of the car over these driving wheels, power pulls rather than pushes the car so you get good directional stability as well as good traction on wet roads, snow and mud.

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Based on Transport Canada approved test methods, Chevy Citation, with the standard 4-cylinder engine and optional automatic transmission shows an average estimated combined city/highway

fuel economy improvement of 26% over the similarly equipped 6-cylinder Nova it replaces.

0-100 km/h in 15 seconds

That's in our own Engineering tests, with Chevy Citation's standard engine and optional automatic transmission. And that's the kind of acceleration you'll appreciate when you get on a freeway. The base engine is a 2.5 litre 4-cylinder, with a standard 4-speed manual transmission. If you'd like more power, an all new 2.8 litre V6 is available (0-100 km/h in 12.8 seconds). Optional 3-speed automatic transmission is available with either engine.

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Letters

Fatherhoodwinks

Richard Gwyn's statement "... there's something more than a little disconcerting about a man who loves to talk about writing—but doesn't read," on Joe Clark, was seconded by Alan Fotheringham in *Political Interrogation* (April 9). The piece in *The Canadian* by Gwyn could almost induce a vote for Clark, so aggressively snotty at it, the snide tarring with a barely audible hint. More plainly snotty, Fotheringham condemns Falson Roy's constituency for its alleged adherence to double knits and acid cuts. Fotheringham has deployed his flatulent meanness before, of course (his *Hereward of Falson Bay*, however), so the young President Tene is a new, and, as he would say, a tragically little Fotheringham. Isn't there something more than a little disconcerting about a man who loves to compare people to old mouse stags—where there is less than a little resemblance, in fact?

TONY CHRISTOPHER,
MOUNT ROYAL, QUE.

'Twist the cup and the lip

A Catch That Catches at An Age When A Nurse (March 19) focuses attention on a problem that calls for education of elderly patients and their families, as well as for a concerted effort on the part of health-care professionals. There is little doubt that many people are "over-medicated" and that the drugs are obtained under medical prescription. However, the physician cannot supervise and monitor how the prescribed drugs are used in the home. Often patients obtain duplicate medications from more than one doctor and are unwittingly taking duplicate tranquilizers, diuretics and sedatives. The physician is not at fault, but neither is the patient. I suggest that concerned physicians or patients utilize the expertise of a professional non-pharmacist health nurse and that pharmaceutical firms be more responsible in labelling prescriptions clearly.

CONSTANCE E. COOL,
LUTHERIDGE HOME CARE PROGRAM
CITY OF LUTHERIDGE HEALTH UNIT,
LUTHERIDGE, ALTA.

Best feet forward

David Livingston's article *The Swiss de Galtier, the Self, the Successful* (April 3) on the *Jeune* awards was nothing if not pompous. The music industry in Canada is making up something we can all be proud of. Perhaps the reason the winners are so predictable is because they are obviously the best. It is a shame that Livingston feels so little enthusiasm, but even worse that he in-



June host Burton Cummings. (continued)

jects his negativity at the rest of us who are glad to see these musicians get the recognition they deserve.

FRANCIS DICK, GRAND VALLEY, ONT.

Myths and misses

I enjoyed Peter Newman's editorial *Lebanese's "Benevolent-Dictatorship" Sings* (April 2) very much. But his best was *How the Beggaring Revolution of Lebanon Exploded the Myth of the American Dream* (Feb. 28). The myth of the American dream—how true. Our own roots are in Europe. After the war

we leaped first-hand, by the Americans overhauling the cultural and economic markets, that the people were in for a new education, only the American way is the right way.

R. E. GIBSON, WOODBINE, N.B.

The national scream

In his column *Dead, Fresh and Tired a Perfect Mourning Story*, Myles, *But Wiser's the Winner* (March 19), William Casselman looks out at *The National* for its in-depth coverage of tragic events while overlooking one major factor: what is *The National* supposed to do? Most people want to be shocked or held captive by unusual events—events though it is the news, it still must be entertaining. And remember, *The National* does have to compete with other stations at 11 p.m.

DAVID ALEXANDER, KIDDERLEY, ONT.

A woman's place

I was fascinated by *A Building of One's Own* (March 26) on the Women's Building in Winnipeg. You refer to this building as being "the first of its kind in Canada." Not so. The first Women's Building in Canada came into existence when the Vancouver Women's Building Association was incorporated in 1911. This pioneer society gave women's societies in Vancouver a place to meet. By the end of 1913, 28 women's societies, with membership exceeding 5,000, were shareholders. By 1926, they had raised enough money to construct their own building and run it until 1940, when the war made its role inevitable. This is not to put down the achievement of the Winnipeg women. I applaud them and hope that more women will be inspired to emulate them. This is, however, an example of how women's history has been hidden.

CHRISTINE FUSCHWICK, KITCHENER, ONT.

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Frontlines

who went on to become Mary Pickford of Hollywood. There is also a tribute to George John Smith—"superstar of Virginia"—as well as 18th-century poet Oliver Goldsmith ("A friend in need is a friend indeed"). Smithsonian Institution founder James Smithsonian, Andre Jaeger-Schmidt who, in 1911, set a speed record for going around the world in less than 90 days, and Steve and Marying Smith, a husband and wife musical comedy team from Hamilton. There is a

geographical roundup of six places called Ladysmith, the annual Smith-the-year awards (presented to Graham Smith, stagecoach to Maggie Smith and newsmen in Howard K. Smith). There is also a baby Smith full-page pin-up.

In real life, Darwin Victor-Smith is Vic Vokern, president of Mopacraft, a Wichita, Kansas, television production firm. Darwin is his actual first name—he was named after a cousin named Darwin Smith—but he has been called

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and somebody
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with a Russian name.

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Frontlines



Victor Smith and magazine: no competition

Victor since the age of 38. Taking Smith to the end of his name will undoubtedly enhance his credibility. And to add further authenticity, the mailing address for *South* is in Southville, a town between Hamilton and St. Catharines. U.S. Smiths are sending their fees to Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Victor Smith has grown quite fond of his adopted clan. "All Smiths were craftsmen at one time. Maybe not the cream of society, but they were right up there. There should be pride in the name."

To publicize the magazine, Victor Smith celebrated the first *South* Day in January, commemorating the quadrilateral of Virginia explorer Captain John Smith. He was actually born in December—and in 1985, if you believe the encyclopedias—but Victor Smith feels the annual salute shouldn't conflict with Christmas and New Year.

A bit generously, perhaps. "But I'm not trying to do a net rock," he declares. A self-confessed doubler, Victor Smith says he has frequently involved himself in projects that "require tremendously long hours and a lot of work, that aren't financially rewarding, but are kind of fun to do." And *South* Day may offer a further bonus. He says he has been struck by the number of subscribers who have already written him short letters describing what it's like to be a *South*. "This magazine offers the possibility of having a very friendly climate. Just one big—very big—happy family."

Sarah Rivory

Macleans

Canada

At last, an issue to chew on

By Ian Urquhart

Shaking off the lethargy of the Easter break, the party leaders returned campaigning last week with a distinct British Columbia accent (see story, opposite). Both Conservative leader Joe Clark and new leader Ed Broadbent were in BC, and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau plans to spend most of this week in the province, reasserting the importance all three parties put on winning its key ridings. During his visit, Clark encountered folk for his alleged deal with the provincial Socialists and his abandonment of Victor Stephens, the BC Tory leader. Broadbent, to underline the relative unity of his own party, spent a day playing Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum with provincial NDP leader Dave Barrett as the two appeared together at four separate events in Vancouver.

But, for the first time since the election was called March 26, an issue—not a television image—dominated the campaign. Clark's seven-month-old proposal to allow homeowners to deduct up to \$5,000 in mortgage payments and \$1,000 in property taxes from their taxable income every year. In successive days, the proposal was the subject of two reports. The first report—commissioned by a real estate lobby and written by David Greenwood, a Toronto lawyer and a Liberal—praised Clark's proposal and begged Liberals to "burn outwards" to adopt something similar. But at a press conference the next day Trudeau rejected the scheme as one "that favors the well-to-do." That afternoon, the C.D. Howe Research Institute, a respected Montreal-based centre for economic analysis, issued its own report dumping all over Clark's proposal an inflationary, inequitable and inefficient.

Clark not only held on to his seeds after the C.D. Howe report came out but also added the ante by promising to introduce the scheme in his first budget. The reason for his steadfastness is that he knows mortgage deductibility, whether or not it is economically sound and socially equitable, is a winning hand politically. While Clark would never say so publicly, he has admitted in private that the proposal is a sop to the middle class. He defends his position by arguing that the middle class has been turned off politics in Canada

and mortgage deductibility is the price that must be paid to regain its support for the political system.

Even the Liberals acknowledge that mortgage deductibility is popular. Their own polls show it is the one positive reason people give for supporting Clark. (The rest are negative; they don't like Trudeau.) Accordingly, some Liberal MPs have been pushing hard for their party to adopt a similar program. But the senior cabinet ministers—including Finance Minister Jean Chretien—and Trudeau himself remain adamantly op-

posed to the idea. Then, the Liberals are attempting to make a virtue of necessity and are running on a platform of fiscal responsibility and against Tory extravagance—an ironic reversal of past campaign roles. The Liberals will make relatively small campaign pledges—such as last week's announcement of \$70 million for the electronics and satellite industries, \$115 million for a "product development fund," and a \$50-million tax incentive scheme to encourage employers to invest in their own companies—and keep on "the tape."



GIORGIO ARMANI

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(B-Hill/for or more) bill for Conservative premises.

Apert from the dispute over marriage definitively, the week was lively as the leaders resumed midway in the campaign. Trudeau maintained the new soft-spoken approach he adopted after criticism of his "gandering" speeches, but the message was familiar: Canada needs a strong central government and only he can provide it. In a tradition of Clark in *Good Day, Labrador*, "We can't have, after the next election, a guy who is winky-winky, a guy who is not sure, a guy who comes and goes on as fundamental a question as the unity of Canada."

Clark stuck to his small-town sen-

erary the end of the week he had visited Toronto proper just twice, Montreal once and Vancouver not at all and continued stressing provinces in his weekly 1,000 word troupes and better equipped for the armed forces, a 50-per-cent increase in the country's gun-holding capacity, elimination of Loto-Canada, tougher restrictions on cheese imports and a national conference on the economy. In a classic example of the pot calling the kettle black, Clark also accused Trudeau, in Nanaimo, B.C., of going easy on the Parti Québécois government in Quebec. When Clark himself was in Quebec last in the week he showed more deference than deference toward the PQ and even pressed its

small-business policies. Broadbent, meanwhile, continued setting out his policies for reorganizing the Canadian economy, during a swing through the West, and added a new proposal: a tax-credit scheme that would provide up to \$106 a year to a family of four at a cost of \$1.6 billion to the federal treasury. For once, the other leaders paid some attention to Broadbent. Trudeau warned of the dangers of minority government and Clark charged in Weyburn, Saskatchewan: "A vote for the federal NDP is a vote for Pierre Elliott Trudeau." Reiterated Broadbent the next night: "That's about, but more about is that a vote for Joe Clark is a vote for Joe Clark."

B.C. bargain: double the fun

By Thomas Hopkins

On the damp April evening that B.C. Premier Bill Bennett chose to make his televised election announcement, eight days after the federal call, one weary wag to the newsroom of the Victoria *Colonist* grumbled, "Next guy that comes in here and wants to call an election will just have to get in line."

With concurrent elections practically on the go (the provincial is set for May 10), British Columbia has become an erratic site of crisscrossing candidates, shifting strategies and changing loyalties. With less than three weeks left in the provincial campaign and the federal vote following 23 days later, it has become impossible to separate the two campaigns as more than 250 candidates roamed back and forth through dark mountain valleys and Vancouver back streets in 85 overlapping ridings.

Provincial NDP forces, following an initial flurry of hair-pulling and posse after Bennett apparently called for concurrent elections, have rallied their stretched forces to a Battle of Britain style in the provincial campaign and the federal vote following 23 days later, it has become impossible to separate the two campaigns as more than 250 candidates roamed back and forth through dark mountain valleys and Vancouver back streets in 85 overlapping ridings.



Provincial Tory leader Vic Stephens. Joe Clark set his people free.

politics, allowing no time to reflect on the potent Secret Fear tactic of "socialist heretics" used so successfully by Bennett in 1975 and by his father, the late W. A. C. Bennett, before him. Their other ostracism tactic, however—a name-on television debate between the improved but still wooden premier and their own pyroclastic fighter Dave Barrett—was scuttled when Bennett cleverly countered with a challenge to debate with what he termed the true leadership of the provincial NDP. That was, B.C. Federation of Labor President Jim Kincaid and former NDP cabinet

member and of times a symbol of close-knit socialist Bob Williams. Clearly a clever play to avoid Barrett, the challenge served to throw the NDP on the defensive. Certainly Barrett, hampered by losing not only the government but has now lost to a used-car dealer in 1978, and consequently viewed as a liability by some party members, has so far played a substantially less prominent role in the campaign—reportedly under firm orders from a cautious and somber caucus.

Since more political passion on the West Coast is reserved for provincial politics, voters rub their hands in anticipation of witnessing a 40-per-cent provincial vote into a dozen federal

seats 12 days later. But they also fear the confusion that may ensue when canvassers set out to sell two or three candidates in pogo-buck campaigns. As a result the vote is slipping the federal campaign into second until May 24, then flooding the freshly bloodied troops back into the field.

The erratic, often bizarre nature of B.C. politics is perhaps best illustrated by the recent harrowing days of provincial Conservative leader Vic Stephens. In early April, television cameras caught him trailing six paces behind his federal leader while Joe Clark told reporters that B.C. federal Tory voters "can work for the [provincial] party of their choice." Clark quickly wanted to do nothing to risk the chance that provincial Tories, who traditionally vote and work for the Tories federally, would stay home during the crucial last 12 days. A stiff Stephens claimed a deal had been made. Clark and Bennett denied it. Arrogant and mysterious to non-British Columbians, the wing a vital in the effect it has on Stephens' ability to play spoiler for Bennett's Tories in the provincial election. But the question remains whether his stand against what insiders consider has been common, if unofficial, practice in B.C. for 35 years has cost him valuable support. (He is

reported to be in trouble in his own parliament Oak Bay riding outside Victoria.)

Watching Stephens with nervous interest is Bill Bennett, who has the most to lose from a resurgent B.C. Tory party. For an assumed re-election the premier is counting on, among other things, his popular giveaway scheme of five free shares, currently worth about \$12 each in government-controlled B.C. Resources Industries Corporation and also on a perceived sense of well-being in the province—scarcely justified by an unemployment rate of 8.5 per cent. A politician of the Okanagan, once to the great school, Bennett has used his office for a vote-generating master instrument. Recent campaigns include his "weekend" budget, a gaudy-choked document that has now become a well-published piece of campaign literature although the legislature has been dissolved before it could be implemented, and a hurry-up mass mailing of a second-best government newspaper hours before the election writ was dropped. On the plan side, investment confidence is slowly returning to the province, the provincial budget is balanced and labor strife, thanks largely to the cooling effects of the Anti-Inflation Board, has been kept to acceptable levels.

Indeed, the campaign to date has presented so strong issues, which has resulted in a seeming contradiction in terms: a boring B.C. provincial election. With true issues in 1975 denied by less than two per cent of the vote, observers call it a mid-campaign teen-up.

Federally, the issue is the economy with leadership a persistent second. Although the detectable personal hatred for Pierre Trudeau that infected the period of the Oct. 26 by-elections has moderated, his name remains a burden for B.C. Liberal candidates who come or nominate members of their leader. Gas Liberal officials identify the West

Coast anti-
tude toward
Trudeau with
sweep sympathy
"People out here think
he's born in after too
long and they think he's a
scoundrel." The traditional Lib-
eral platoon of constitutional re-
form and national unity are as re-
form and theoretical in B.C. as the
question of developing Atlantic tidal
power. The Tories hope to maintain
their 1974 strength and count on
Western disaffection with the Liberals
and suspicion of a come-back vote to
add seats, but they remain hampered by
continuing distrust of Joe Clark.

The 846 challenge that 1974 was
a political alarm, hope to reassert
their traditional B.C. presence and re-
capture the long-standing NDP strong-
holds of Vancouver-Kingsway (from ex-
posed Liberal Simon Hatt) and Van-
couver East (from low-key Garry Artz).
Their chances are considered good. Safe
Liberal seats appear to include those of
Environment Minister Len Marshall
in Kamloops-Shawassan, former provincial
Liberal leader Gordon Offens in
North Vancouver-Burnaby and, in what
most observers see as a classic path in
the sprawling former St. Paul stronghold



Federal Liberal candidates Art Phillips and Dave, Tory Pat Simon and a taxpayer
note of NDP campaign is a word, confusing



ELECTION
79

try looks, was now there on an old-fashioned night watchman making his rounds to interrupt them. The thieves got into the Tuteashkhan's tomb by using the job of a bailiff: two to push open the bar on a sliding glass window.

Earlier they had pulled their four-wheel-drive camper truck up to the rear loading docks, smashed a window beside the door and reached in to open it with a twist of the knob. They even pruned long enough to tape the lock open but, while the furnace Watergate break-in, there was no patrolling security guard to notice. Then they climbed the back stairs to a second door which they opened by twisting the lock off with a pair of pliers. The trio left the same way, dropping in their wads of cash but not taking the \$108,000 worth of clothes, two nylon stocking masks

and 30-calfle revolvers. Among them was also a driver's-lookout man, police estimate there were three in the gang.

"Until this we thought the night-watchman from a secure area," one postal official commented. However, he had already admitted that requests had been made six months earlier for extra men and closed-circuit television to monitor the room. The request was denied because it would cost too much. Postmaster-General Allan Lawrence added that the postal service wouldn't have had being watched by the TV cameras.



Commissioner (front), policeman Wayne Wilson, Louis Ullrich and Irene used in postal heist. There are also a pair of nylon stockings.



and that brought a homicide from LeMontagne's old adversary, Jean-Charles Parrot, president of Canadian Union of Postal Workers. "Trying to blame the union for what happened is nothing short of admitting that post-office management is totally incompetent."

The way of words is obviously far from over but in the meantime the police investigation is under way with forces all over the world having been alerted to the giant heist. If the travellers' clothes are sold by bulk, the thieves can expect to net about \$500,000 and another two say a good passer can then get rid of between \$2,000 and \$15,000 worth of them to merchants every day. And what is the post office doing now? They're busy reorganizing every nook and cranny of the facility in preparation for installing the burglar alarms that were once considered too costly.

Tony Cole

Toronto

The Lorenz trial: not quite over

It took nine weeks to try but only six hours of deliberation last Saturday for an Ontario Supreme Court jury to acquit Gordon Allen, the 35-year-old insurance salesman from Orillia, Ontario, of a charge of having shot Toronto lawyer Bruce Lorenz through the head.

When students at the Warden subway parking lot saw a man's feet sticking out of the window of his car, they assumed the driver was fleeing someone under the dashboard. An hour later Metropolitan Toronto police, staring at Lorenz's blood-soaked body, wondered if they had a suicide on their hands. His wallet with \$200 in it was intact. But though Lorenz may have been unhappy over missing out on an expected partnership in Toronto's prestigious law firm Borden and Elliot earlier that day, the absence of a gun ruled out death by his own hands.

Since Lorenz's career as a real estate lawyer yielded no clues, Toronto's crack homicide team, Gerald Stevenson and Robert McLean, began looking closer to the victim's home. A month later, on April 26, 1979, Laurence Lorenz, 33, the overt, dyed-blond wife of the dead man, and Gordon Allen her one-time lover were charged with first-degree murder. The story that unfolded in one of the longest and most bitterly contested murder trials in recent memory was bizarre. Laurence had returned to her husband, Bruce, only nine months before his death, having spent nearly two years living as man-and-wife with



Gordon Allen (left) and Laurence Lorenz. Optimist Club pin shining on Mr. Heiser.

Allen. Mrs. Lorenz's shuttle-diplomacy seemed to have kept husband Lorenz waiting in the wings while her fling with Allen ran its course. One Mercedes car and a fur coat later Allen and Laurence declared bankruptcy. Laurence went back to lawyer Lorenz and it became Allen's turn to hang around the renowned couple. Whatever Laurence had, it seemed sufficient to keep at least two men dangle and paying the bills.

Things came to a head, as Crown attorney Michael Lynch alleged in his circumstantial case, when Laurence decided to reduce the number of men in her life. According to the prosecution Allen was selected to stay and Lorenz to go, this time permanently. The couple were committed for trial but on Febru-



ary 15, 1979, when it was scheduled to begin, Laurence did not show up in court. Two days later Crown attorney Lynch told Mr. Justice Allan Goodman that Laurence had been promoted from defendant to a witness for the prosecution. "The sweetheart deal" as it was later referred to in court, was announced on St. Valentine's day.

The case against Allen seemed strong. Laurence, cool and poised on the witness stand, testified that Allen telephoned her the evening of Lorenz's death. "Guess what? I think I've killed your husband. Oh God, Laurence, the blood." The reason this telephone call took so long to surface? Laurence said she pushed it into her subconscious where it stayed until a psychiatrist fished it out two days before her trial for first-degree murder was to begin.

"If you believe this story about her

conscience and subconscious," Allen's defence lawyer Edward L. Greenman told the jury, "you've got to be successful." Fighting what observers describe as a brilliant legal battle, Greenman tore apart holes in the Crown's set of circumstantial evidence. Testimony was in the courtroom as he demonstrated that, eager for conviction, the police resorted to forensic affidavits and attempted to obtain identification, instead of the normal procedure of lineup, by showing five different photographs of the same Gordon Allen to a Crown witness—practices which, Mr. Justice Goodman said, "cannot be condoned." In the courtroom things reached a climax when the jurors asked the judge to stop the game from making faces while Allen testified in his own defence.

The Crown's tactics included an attempt to revoke Allen's bail on a charge of perjury—as early as affidavit in which high school dropout Allen asserted the judge's audience was made up of men from the University of Western Ontario. Commented County Court Judge John Greenwood as he refused to revoke Allen's bail: "I can't think of something more trifling than the academic background of the accused."

Maybe not. But even as Gordon Allen walked out of the court a free man, Optimist Club pin shining in his blue blazer lapel, Crown officers in Scarborough, Ont., were getting ready for his perjury preliminary early this week. If they catch him from the moment on, they might yet get him for leaving school too soon.

Barbara Ansel

A protest from on high

MacLean is a good friend to Gordon MacQueen who has spent at least three hours a day perched atop his stove above the main street of Cheselbrough, P.E.I., ever since last month's nuclear unpleasantness at Hantsburg, Pennsylvania. For the 49-year-old MacQueen, who has been perched off in his vest by a group of nuclear protesters, Hantsburg was the first smoke that drove him up the wall. Long concerned with alternate energy—he owns the P.E.I. Stove Works specializing in wood stoves and alternate energy devices such as windmills—MacQueen is a member of Help Our Provincial Environment (HOPE), a volunteer organization devoted to environmental issues.

Scott Beattie, chairman of the group's nuclear responsibility committee, says: "We don't think P.E.I. needs nuclear power."



MacQueen, warning people to know what a Hantsburg-style disaster could mean.

MacQueen and his special-needs-section children stand to continue their peaceful perch on the roof heads in view of the party and a sign saying NO NUKES, until the May 22 federal election. "We don't want our money used to build Point Lepreau," he says. "We want to use it abandoned as it used for an alternate form of energy." Provincial Member of the Legislature says the party committed P.E.I. to participate in the federally funded Maritime Energy Corp., which will purchase power from New Brunswick's nuclear plant at Point Lepreau when it starts producing next year. MacQueen is better about the deal because he believes former Alex Campbell, who said such a move would not be made until the state was declared in the provincial legislature—and so activists took place his particular concern as the future of P.E.I. and its children—his wife gave birth to their fourth child the day he first took to the rooftop—and his wants people to be aware of what a Hantsburg-style disaster could mean to the island if it should happen at all. (p. 27) Miles to the southwest: it is a little hard to think of the future. We're very nervous about this as an election issue," he says. Stanislav Suvarov



World

Brezhnev on the brink: the old guard totters

By William Lowther

The fringe on the podium in the Kremlin Palace last week looked weak and weary. Each time he had to move, an aide helped him to keep his balance. Foreign observers reported that he had evident difficulty reading and enunciating his words. Despite the fact that he has visited only three times for the world leaders' championships, that excess of Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev at his re-election ceremony was the one that figured in the mind, and President Jimmy Carter was said to be relieved that only Brezhnev's falling back—new stands in the way of a superpower puppet and a new Strategic Arms Limitation Talks treaty.

Diplomatic sources in Washington were attempting an assessment this week that a signing ceremony and summit would be held in Europe—before the end of next month. But it seemed from appearances that the 72-year-old leader could not carry on much longer. Last week some diplomats were drawing a parallel with the late president Georges Pompidou of France who, through a cartagians illness, called in and elapsed quite after time until he eventually died in harness. "We in the West simply don't know what is wrong with Brezhnev," said one Kremlin watcher. "He could go next week or he might hang on for the rest of his years. At this point he seems to be planning his moves

no more than a week in advance and you can interpret that however you want."

It was not just Brezhnev's department at the 35-minute (live standing ovation) ceremony of re-election as Soviet president that contributed to that view. His appearances recently have been unimpeachable. Last month France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was asked to postpone a long-planned visit to Moscow because the Soviet leader had "a cold." And though the visit has now been rescheduled for this week, observers will be watching Brezhnev closely to see how he copes.

The Soviet leader is known to have been suffering from illness for about three years. His speech is nearly always slurred and he sometimes walks with a limp. Often, as during a visit to West Germany last year (which was delayed and then reshuffled), Brezhnev shows visible infirmity.

Western observers have also noted the fact that since his illness first became apparent, Brezhnev has readily appointed old party allies into key positions in the ruling politburo. None of the 13 members, whose average age is now 60, can be considered in obvious command. Nevertheless, the Washington betting is on 72-year-old Andrei Kirilenko, who often stands in for Brezhnev and runs the party on a day-to-day basis. Another favorite is Konstantin Chernenko, 67, whose election last November to full membership in the polit-

Brezhnev (bottom right) appears worn out

buro makes him one of only four men to serve in that position and be a full secretary of the Communist party's Central Committee at will.

No one knows what effect a change in leadership would have on internal or external policies. "The trouble is that it hasn't happened very often—three times in 60 years really—so there aren't too many precedents," says a political analyst.

But again the betting is that a successor would not want to do much until he had a grip on the new post and all its complications. A budding SALT treaty would be an almost certain casualty. A new man would want to put his own stamp on it and that could mean a delay of months, pushing the treaty into an American election year and leading to the maintenance to a renewed arms race. It is far that reason the Carter administration is more than keen to complete the treaty as soon as possible and would go to Moscow, if necessary, to sign it.

As now envisaged, the treaty would be for a ceiling of 2,250 nuclear launchers for each side and regulate the numbers and types of nuclear weapons. But even if the treaty were to remain for total disarmament at either side. At the end, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin met last meeting, but looks from the US side indicated that all major outstanding problems had been resolved—rather, all major problems not connected with Brezhnev's health.

West Germany

Kohl on his way down the chute

The portrait will be familiar to Canadians: the lacklustre figure who struggles into his party's leadership and finds himself fighting an election against a brilliant incumbent, the small-town wander who prognosticates have a way of turning into bric-a-brac before they hit the afternoon editions. But any resemblance between Helmut Kohl, the West German conservative, and Canada's own Joe Clark must stop there, for the two differ not only in style—unlike Clark, the 49-year-old Kohl ran up a convincing show of back-peddling penitence—but also in prospects. Clark may manage to humble Pierre Trudeau in the May elections, whereas Kohl's chances of toppling West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, in any day at present, are nil.

Indeed Kohl's position has become so shaky that he will have to work miracles if he wants to be around for the national election next year—and the first miracle falls due at next Sunday's Schleswig-Holstein state elections when Kohl's beleaguered Christian Democratic Union (CDU) struggles to retain its majority in the state parliament against a combined socialist (Social Democrats) and liberal (Free Democrats) threat.



The CDU's margin in a single seat, and the socialist opponents scored impressive gains in two state elections held earlier this year (in Berlin and the Rhineland-Palatinate). Kohl's colors in Schleswig-Holstein are being defended by state premier Gerhard Stoltenberg, who has generally put up a better fight in the electoral campaign than other socialist Klaus Matthieson or the local liberal party chief, Uwe Hansenberger. But Stoltenberg must win an outright majority in Kiel if he is to prevent the socialists and liberals from linking up behind his back to form a coalition government, as they have done at the federal level—and that will be some task.

Owing largely to the personal popularity and firm grip of Chancellor Schmidt, the government coalition now is more solidly entrenched than ever. The polls say that if a general election was called tomorrow it would win by anything between two and nine per cent of the total vote.

With figures like that, Kohl will need to do much more than what in Schleswig-Holstein to recover critics within his ranks that he is the poorer man to take on Schmidt in 1980. In fact, he seems likely to need the second chance offered in early June when the first direct elections to the European Parliament are scheduled. The CDU is favored to win those Euro-elections, but whether enough of the expected glory will rub off on Kohl to save him from his enemies remains doubtful.

The "black grout," as the bony, six-foot-four-inch Kohl is dubbed because of his tie to black, lumpy spots and dark

ties, is under fire from many quarters. Probably his most vehement critic is Kurt Biedenkopf, a former political enemy who masterminded Kohl's state victory in the 1970 general election (for all his shortcomings Kohl polled 46.6 per cent of the total vote) but who now openly refers to his former friend as the "boch".

Another sworn opponent is ex-CDU leader Rainer Barzel, whose resignation in 1973 following an electoral defeat led the party to choose the obscure, retired

Kohl a convincing show of both power and

Kohl "Never before," Barzel said in a recent interview, "has an opposition chief made the job of governing so easy for a chancellor."

With such enemies it is something of a mystery that Kohl was re-elected leader at the CDU conference in Kiel last month. One explanation might be that the party cannot find a decent alternative. A better guess, however, would be that Kohl's enemies have agreed to wait until he was up to his remaining credit with the party rank-and-file.

Both Biedenkopf and Franz Josef Strauss, the reform rightist who called himself to Munich last October by winning the premiership in the Bavarian state election, are said to fancy themselves for the job. But insiders see the most likely successor as Ernst Albrecht, 45, the current governor of Lower Saxony. A former Chancellor, Albrecht is viewed as the running mate on the German right, a deft campaigner with proven electoral pull.

Albrecht's moderate political views fit comfortably with Germany's increasingly technocratic society. But the real question is whether he could take over soon enough for the image-makers to make him a serious threat to Schmidt in 18 months time.

Peter Lewis

Rhodesia

A mixed turnout on a historic day

It was an extraordinary scene outside the St. John Ambulance headquarters in Salisbury last Tuesday a

blackening line of black and whites waiting to get inside to vote. Shoulders to shoulders, the groups wouldn't avoid the odd chat. A black gardener, his wife and brother, amply dressed within the limits of a low income, and a prominent elderly white couple awkwardly exchanged words, trying to cover their self-consciousness at the novelty of

Moscow's supporters clumping new hope



their meeting—annual demonstrations that mark the historic covenant in Rhodesia's troubled history. On April 17, blacks and whites went to the polls together, as equals for the first time.

On the surface, the five-day election was a contest for the right to lead Rhodesia's first majority-rule government, and most voters predicted a landslide victory for Bishop Abel Muzorewa, the U.S.-educated leader of the United African National Council, one of five moderate black parties in the running. The real stake in the election, however, was recognition by the outside world of Rhodesia's controversial proposed new government—blacks will have 72 of the 100 parliamentary seats, and a black prime minister, whites will retain control of the army, police, civil service and judiciary for five years, as well as a veto over changes in the constitution. Salisbury is hoping that formula will bring diplomatic recognition from around the world and end the crippling military and economic sanctions of the United Nations.

The key to "success," therefore, was not who won, but how many of the 90,000 whites and 2.8 million black voters turned out. A high turnout—anything over 50 per cent—was Rhodesia's only means of proving black support for the new government. The final turnout, more than 60 per cent, came in the face of threats to wreck the election from nationalist guerrillas based in neighboring Zambia and Mozambique. Whether it was the 100,000 troops mobilized to guard the polls or the sharp anti-guerrilla operations early in the voting, Prime Minister Ian Smith's government managed to keep violence at the level of scattered bombings and shootings.

Getting out the vote proved a difficult assignment for the five parties (blacks and whites were voted for black candidates, in the preceding week whites alone had voted for white candidates). Thousands of voters had never even held a pencil before, much less understood what the democratic process was all about. And in many instances, the confusion was compounded by dishonesty. One candidate's campaigners allegedly sold rural blacks that if they wanted to vote for that candidate, they should mark a large X in his box, and that if they didn't want to vote for him, to put in a small Y.

Nevertheless, it was a surprisingly peaceful and smooth election and, after months of growing pessimism over the country's future, brought new buoyancy and hope, particularly to whites. The problem was that a substantial proportion of black voters either did not vote or had already given a disarming answer—by joining the guerrillas.



Afghan rebels, wild west border country

Pakistan

Peking's finest fuel a holy war

At first glance, American drug enforcement agents thought they were watching one of their worst nightmares coming true. Hong Kong Chinese heroin dealers, in Pakistan's wild western border country, planning to buy up the area's huge poppy crop.

What they actually saw, however, emerged last week as one of Pakistan's most dangerous and best kept secrets: the presence on Pakistan soil of Chinese army officers and instructors. They are there to help train and equip right-wing Afghan Moslem guerrillas for their "holy war" against the Moscow-backed Kabul regime of Nour Mohammed Taraki. But the Chinese presence on the scene seems to make it a cash mine for a Sino-Soviet war by proxy, as the Vietnamese conflict with Cambodia.

Relations between Taraki and Pakistan, which, as a Moslem state, shares sympathy with Taraki's Moslem opponents, cooled recently when Afghan air-force jets violated Pakistan air space and shells were fired across the border by Taraki's army at a refugee camp which, he claimed, was a guerrilla base.

The claim was denied by Pakistan. But the sighting of the Chinese seemed to confirm that it was true. Furthermore, it was not just the U.S. narcotics agents who were astounded.

When the Chinese were first sighted

by the U.S. agents, worried that they might be about to flood the West with heroin, asked Pakistani colleagues for help. An urgent message was passed to the Pakistani government asking for action. That request was turned down. Officially it was said merely that the Chinese had nothing to do with drugs and were to be left strictly alone. Unofficially, however, Pakistani narcotics control board members learned that the visitors were military men—including officers—from mainland China, who had come because of the Afghan conflict. There was no indication of the number involved.

The intriguing question now is this: Why is Pakistani strongman General Zia-ul-Haq risking a fight with Afghanistan when he already faces violent runnings among his own people after the execution of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto?

Sources in neighboring India believe that it is all part of the tangled plan Zia has for building his own nuclear bomb, which recently led to the suspension of U.S. military aid. They suspect that China has now offered to help in return for Pakistan aid for the Afghan rebels.

Newswire, the "holy war by proxy" in Afghanistan is being fought increasingly with the proceeds from the sale of illegal opium. Peasants landless, whose holdings are threatened with confiscation by the Taraki government, are bringing the produce from their poppy crops into Pakistan, and use the proceeds to buy rifles, explosives and other weapons. Pakistani arms merchants report, without a hint of irony, that their new customers come in daily and business is booming. **Peter Nieuwenand**

U.S.A.

A dotted line, a loaf of bread—and thou

Lee Marvin, the silver-haired actor whose pillow-talk promises turned out to be daydreams, was ordered to pay his former girl-friend \$304,000 last week—to help her climb down from her six years among the Hollywood stars.

The decision—after an 11-week trial, 61 witnesses, 6,000 pages of testimony and enormous publicity, to say nothing of a bill for \$30,000 payable by Los Angeles taxpayers—turned out not to be the mistress's charter widely expected. Michelle Triola Marvin had claimed \$1.6 million. But California Superior Court Judge Arthur Marshall's award to Ms. Marvin did establish some ground rules for live-in affairs.

From now on, most experts agree, the wage-earning or wealthy partner may be legally obliged to pay alimony "judiciary" in the cutting jargon of California for as long as it reasonably takes a cast-off lover to re-establish an independent life. But if they want to

share their partner's property, said one leading Washington lawyer last week, "they should get it in writing from the very start."

So there can hardly be a woman in the United States who doesn't understand what she's getting into by saying "yes" before "I do." Afterward hard parts were playing victory. Said Ms. Marvin—who changed her name legally to match Lee's: "I'm excited to get something. It's a victory for women." The actor—he was an Oscar for his portrayal of a grandfather in *Capote*—thought the result "sensational."

It was a rare unanimity. Throughout the hearing the two secretly agreed about anything Ms. Marvin told the court she had given up her singing career to devote her life to cook, housewife and devotee to Marvin after he had said that he loved her and would look after her forever. Marvin insisted

Marvin never was just life male premier



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that has towns were no more than "idle male pretenses" and that all movie stars used such terms of endearment as "I love you" was a matter of course.

In the end, Marvin threw his fit out of their luxury beach house because he was nagging him too much about his drinking, and Michelle, if, went running to another Marvin, Marvin Hoffenberg, the most famous "family" (or devoted) lawyer in California.

There they caused the sort of saga which delights the legal profession but leaves the onlooker agape and, if he is a legal layperson, out of pocket. Mitchellson filed suit asking the courts to determine Michelle's motives and property rights and grant her half the property acquired during the relationship. Two lower California courts threw out the case. But Mitchellson appealed to California's Supreme Court and, in December, 1976, he lost. The court noted the sudden prevalence of marital relationships and held that courts might no longer apply doctrines founded on a public policy that seemed to feed such relationships. (Legal)

It was a landmark decision and, in the months before last week's events, those involved in similar suits were filed in as many as 15 different states. Most involve ordinary people but some concern the rich and famous. Karen Rolland is asking for \$5 million from her ex-partner, Nick Nolte. Cynthia Lang has filed suit against former roommate, rock star Alice Cooper, for \$3.5 million, and only one day before the Marvin drama, a New York judge dismissed a suit brought by Penelope McCall against her ex-wife, rock star Peter Frampton. The judge's ruling, now under appeal, said that she was married to someone else when she moved in and the relationship with Frampton therefore was adulterous and illegal in the state.

Just what all that means for the future of United States society, to say nothing of its morals, depends on your point of view. Foremost Gloria Steinem declared "Women will now be free more likely to insist on a financial agreement. If this results in men complaining that women no longer believe in the promises of romance, let them complain to the law. Marvin!"

In fact, however, as one is complaining—least of all the Marvins—Lawyer Mitchellson's law practice has tripled and he's writing a book about Marvin-type cases. Michelle has her \$104,906, and is also writing a book (about her life with Lee) and may make a movie, while Lee, at 35, has a new wife in his court. His picture price, which had been dropping below the magic \$1 million, has shot up again and he has received "dates" of offers of roles.

William Lowther

Ike's 'hot' deceit burns on in Utah

Just as Americans were beginning to recover from the shock of the Three Mile Island nuclear accident, a congressional committee revealed late last week that President Dwight D. Eisenhower once encouraged the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) to outface and mislead the public about the dangers of radioactive fallout. Coupled with new and frightening evidence on the state of nuclear power plants still in use, White House complicity in the cover-up of danger—now thought it was initiated 35 years and five presidents ago—immediately aroused suspicion that something of the sort might still be official policy.

Rosenbom's extraordinary stills look near to light in memorandum presented to a joint congressional hearing in Salt Lake City. They were submitted as evidence of high-level disregard for the health and safety—to say nothing of the good sense—of more than 200,000 citizens in Utah, Arizona and Nevada whose homes lay in the path of fallout from nuclear weapons tests in Nevada during the 1950s.

More than 600 of those people are now

living the federal government for \$1 million each on the grounds that they or members of their family contracted leukemia or other cancers as a result of their exposure to radiation.

Senator Edward Kennedy, who led the committee hearings, read aloud the memo written by AEC officials after talks with Eisenhower in May, 1953, three of them said. "The president made the suggestion that we issue 'thermonuclear' out of press releases and speeches, also 'Yucca' and 'hydrogen.' The president says, 'keep them confused as to fusion and fission.'" In another, a commissioner wrote: "People have got to learn to live with the facts of life, and part of the facts of life is fallout." Another commissioner agreed: "We must not let anything interfere with these tests—nothing."

And nothing did. For more than 20 years, beginning in 1961, an all-out promotional campaign was waged to convince all those living in the fallout path of more than 100 nuclear tests that they were in no danger. During this time, said Utah Governor Scott McNeel, the nuclear weapons tests resulted in radiation 40 times that of the fallout from tests which swept at Three Mile Island. As a result, children growing up in that area during the tests suffered 2½ times as much leukemia as children living there before or after. Thirty-two died.

Meanwhile, said Peter Lehman, general counsel of the department of health, education and welfare, as a matter of policy government agencies covered up. "There was a general attitude that the American people could not be trusted to deal with the questions." If anyone complained, they were told that tales about fallout health hazards were anti-American propaganda put out by "the Communies."

While these nuclear ghosts from the past were coming out to haunt Eisenhower's successor, Jimmy Carter, anti-nuclear groups throughout the nation were planning a mass march on Washington for next month.

They are hoping to slow or stop the building of further nuclear power plants until they can be proved safe.

Transcripts of meetings of the AEC's successor-body, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), show that after the Three Mile Island accident they were worried that a number of other nuclear plants were in worse condition and even more susceptible to acci-

dent. That situation continues. Equally disturbing last week were reports that small quantities of radioactive iodine were continuing to escape from Three Mile Island.

But the really damning revelations were those made at the Utah hearings. The list of reported cases of harmful radiation effects is long and lengthens every day. Among the items a study reporting a higher incidence of cancer among nuclear plant workers at Portsmouth naval shipyard at Kittery, Maine, findings by a nearby health officer that people living downwind from the government's Rocky Flats plutonium weapons plant at Denver are contracting cancer at a rate higher than the rest of the United States, and studies which show higher cancer rates among people living near a Connecticut nuclear power plant. Hiroshima these have been pushed through by the authorities. But the "Eisenhower syndrome" may show them to have been only too well-founded in fact. William Lowther

Paraguay

One pinch opens a Pandora's box

Paraguayan Indians, the American police and a man who may be part of a notorious death squad are involved in an investigation launched last week into allegations of corruption in the United States embassy in Paraguay. The case centres around Américo Peña, 45, a former Paraguayan police official who fled to New York last year and was the best man in the wedding of the 1968 torturer and murderer of 17-year-old Jerlito Filadelfo, the son of a well-known opponent of Paraguayan dictator Alfredo Stroessner—the late Amín of Latin America.

Peña's family, fearing the wrath of Stroessner's so-called "death squad" would have quietly buried their son. But Jerlito's father, displaying the boy's mutilated body, accusing Peña of the crime, and when the Organization of American States, Amnesty International and the Council on Hemispheric Affairs (OCHA), a Washington-based pressure group, began investigating, Peña was quietly discharged from his job.

He came to the U.S. with his mistress, Jeana Bustos-Fernandez, 37, last July. But they made the mistake of oversteering their visa and were arrested. This development has started a chain reaction of strange allegations.

For one thing, Delia Filadelfo, the sister of the murdered boy, is trying to sue Peña for \$10 million under an al-



United States law that gives aliens the right to civil suits for violations of human rights and international law.

A federal judge last week stayed Peña's deportation until April 30 while deciding whether the trial will be held. For another, the lawsuit has brought attention to allegations that Peña was involved in drug trading and prostitution while in New York.

But the case has also brought charges that the American embassy in Asunción, Paraguay, should never have allowed a man to a man accused of murder in the first place. That, in turn, has raised the question of the whole run-down procedure by U.S. officials in

Jerlito Filadelfo, murder on display



Filadelfo's drawing of son's death scene

Paraguay, one of the most sinister countries in a continent of brutal dictatorships, which provides a safe harbor for some of the world's most wanted men. Among those, it is believed, is the most notorious Nazi still at liberty—Adolf Mengele.

Paraguay is also a land where the chasm between rich and poor is especially wide. Many Paraguayans want to leave and that, it seems, is where the U.S. embassy comes in. In the last three to four years, between 300 and 500 visas have been issued to residents of the town of Itapiranga, which has a total population of just over 1,500. The CIA says most were issued to women and, reports from the Paraguayan government in New York add, many of them came to the U.S. to work as prostitutes. Visa were also issued in Paraguay to a group of South Koreans who were given special privileges under American law because they came as "investors." Investigators from the U.S. justice department have found that the companies involved were fraudulent.

The U.S. state department says that Peña's visa was issued by former U.S. consul William Filadelfo, who is now in Hong Kong. The CIA has asked that Filadelfo be brought to Washington for questioning, but the department has so far refused. Indeed, some investigators are accusing it of refusing to release many routine documents that would aid their work. The state department denies the charge. Said one official: "We'd be happy to provide whatever information they want." And it looks now as if they will get the chance. The U.S. justice department last week began investigations into the whole run-down affair. Catherine Fox

Utah A-bomb cost misleading the public

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

Poor Margaret Trudeau, that very private person who has just published a book that tells the story of her short, unhappy life as Mrs. Prime Minister, has been trying to keep a secret: the name of her new boyfriend. "I'll tell you something I haven't told anyone else!" Once can the keep track," she recently confided to a *Post* interviewer. "I'm really in love with a man I met a few months ago. He doesn't want me to reveal his name but I can tell you he's a South American businessman, he's my age and he adores racing cars." But when you're Margaret Trudeau, secrets have a way of floating to the surface. The lady was in tall, blonde and good-looking jet-setter George Koschitz, the son of a German family from Lima, Peru. George, whose nickname is Pitt, met Margaret in London several months ago and has been leaving her company ever since. At one point she had considered a visit to Lima, where his family—of good social standing but not terribly wealthy—has been closely telling friends and neighbors about the relationship, but the voyage was cancelled. "I think I've finally found someone capable of understanding and accepting who I am," says Margaret. There are those who would wish George luck.

To many North Americans, losing Johnny Carson as a late-night comedian could be as traumatic as losing a wife or husband with out there is enough evidence to suggest that on his 17 years as host of NBC's *The Tonight Show* Carson has become a cultural addition for millions of viewers, who would seem to prefer his droll asides to those of their nearest and dearest. But Carson, who already takes 15 weeks vacation a year (and a salary rumored to be between \$2.5 and \$4 million for his efforts), says he is "mentally and emotionally tired" and wants out. The gossip around him (already living in the ratings wars) is that he is being persuaded to do more shows than the three a week for 15 weeks and four a week for 12 weeks that his contract calls for. NBC maintains bitterly that they expect him to finish out his contract until 1981. If Carson is determined to bow out, he may have a court battle on his hands. However he might compromise with NBC and stay until 1980, in which case his fans can count on a year's grace before they suffer withdrawal.

Even the most avid moviegoers fresh would be unlikely to mistake Quebec dance-superstar **Wesley McQuade** for Ed Sullivan. But come Sunday evening, May 6, the company will grow a little



Carson and thereon goes Johnny?

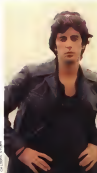
more plausible when McQuade debuts as host of a show that's really big. Not only will it be the most ambitious variety show in the TV history, but it will be broadcast live (with a few spliced-in video segments) for a full hour simultaneously in English and French. The sandy-haired McQuade was tapped for stardom after a cross-country talent search for a fast-rising bilingual host/performer of the monthly show, which will incorporate the drive for Loto Canada's prize. With his big chance in front of him, McQuade reports his mood matches the title of the new extravaganza: *Ferles Une Million*, or, in French, *Vous pour le million*.

Although actor Al Pacino will appear about fall as a Baltimore lawyer in the film *...and Justice for All*, this spring the young man's busy has turned to the chosen singer. And, after playing the role of the ruthless Michael Corleone in *The Godfather*, odds are that Pacino will have no trouble portraying the black-hearted henchman Rickard III when the Shakespearean

Pacino's henchman he couldn't refuse

drama opens on Broadway in May. Even though the 36-year-old McQuade rose from the Berk Brown series the same role three years ago in Boston, there's no telling how he will portray the crafty villain this time out. "It's a matter of trial and error," Pacino said of his rehearsal. "I took my bump off and on at will. I'd change my accent and do Rich and as many different people—Lee Strasberg, George C. Scott, my grandmother. I might do it in a barrel." One thing is certain, however—when Pacino gets into a role, he rarely forgets it. After acting the part of Sympson, he kept the cop's clothes. Last time he played Richard, he left the garments but returned the moral leap.

If you want my body and you think I'm sexy, come on, sugar, let me know." That's the key line in British rocker **Stewart's** latest single *Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?*—a song which, judging from its popularity, has become the latest anthem of the narcissistic disco-crowd. *Sexed-up* parts are Stewart (a humanitarian in real life clothing) has donated the royalties from the song to the United Nations Children's Fund. The shaggy-haired singer has been shaking his suit-covered—or partially uncovered—parts in Canada recently in a series of sold-out concerts. Badinage in Vancouver he gave his candid opinion about his own press coverage: "I'm one of the most misunderstood people in the music business."



DO YOU THINK I'M SEXY?



DO YOU THINK I'M SEXY?

Stewart and Kinnaird (all-out effort)

Of late his love life has received lavish attention from the press after settling a bitter "paternity" suit out of court with his sexy, seductive best friend, Stewart proved to be an insatiable romantic optimist by marrying **Aimee Hamilton**, the ex-wife of actor **George Hamilton**. He says his lovely wife will not be sharing with his business, "I don't want her to be another *Anna Jagor* or *Linda McCartney*," two rock 'n' roll wives who have tried—sometimes a little desperately—to share the spotlight with their famous husbands. Stewart seems quite happy to have it all himself.

Daddy Kravitz, that obnoxious but charming Canadian hero created by author **Marcus Richler** in his award-winning novel *The Apprenticeship of Daddy Kravitz* and portrayed with gusto by actor Richard Dreyfuss in the movie of the same name, will come to life once more, this time in a musical comedy. Richler and Galt McDermott, who wrote the music for *Rich*, are collaborating on a musical, *Daddy*, to be staged at Stratford during the 1980 season. Stratford Artistic Director **Wesley Phillips** views the project as some sort of Canadian culture from across time: "To have something absolutely, totally Canadian and to have it be absolutely, totally taps, well what could be more exciting?" Phillips says he hasn't given much thought at this stage, but one thing is certain: he'll be flooded with offers from *Daddy* hopefuls. The role is an obvious plum—if you can sing, dance, and be obnoxious and charming all at once.

At 35, she married and ran away to England and British theatre. Now, 13 years later after involvement in two divorces (and her own, one somewhat close) and the starring role as **Chloe** Papp's replacement in *The Avengers*, **Clare Thorne** is back home in Toronto—centre stage and married. After titillating British scandal-sheet readers for years, Thorne has Tarragon Theatre audiences gawking at her portrayal of a lovelorn girl in an English translation of Racine's *Boisserie*. Thorne stepped out of her barren past and into a "pretty white wedding gown" between the matinee and evening performances Sunday last week and walked down the aisle with Texas Civil J. Smith, Jr. She says she accepted the 17th of Smith's proposals, proffered in their 8½-month courtship. What made her finally take the weight off her knees? "This man is like a rock," Thorne said of her insurance salesman husband.

Thorne's happy to offer to her own

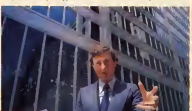
Take-over trouble is only temporary

Even with his on-again-glassed Ray Thomson never saw very well and so most nights for 15 years in the 50s and 60s Syd Chapman, his on-again senior vice president of finance, drove the family Lord Thomson to their suburban home in the suburbs of London. Placing a sign above the entrance a few blocks from Thomson's greenhouse downtown Toronto office Ray would tell his wife: A week went by Chapman had to ask: Why the hell do you do that Ray? "You know," said the big man. That's where Garfield Weston got his start. Twenty-five years later the bubble is extended to Garfield's son Glen by Ray's son Glen, a kind of symmetry preserved. I like Glen very much," Alan Thomson says in his direct, unadorned way. I think he's a fine merchant and I love shopping at Loblaws.

One of the dough world's answer to Fred Eaton, Conrad Black and Will Chaimberlain, the 58-year-old socialist, three-children and very rich who Ray who five weeks ago, trying to make his son out of his late father's last wishes, tried to himself Thomson sold for the Ray with a hefty \$40 per share offer at his own, ultimately of

didn't work. But father Garfield would have been proud the baker's boy Brian up and Tyson transformed a \$25,000 bakery into \$5 billion international fund in the years between 1954 and his death last October and he had expansion in the west. Glen the baby in a family of nine children, now controls the North American half of the empire that includes Loblaws Ltd. the Fidelity Paper Co. Ltd. the National Tea Co. and Weston Business Ltd. owning 46 principal operating subsidiaries. Older

Ray had lower Glen Weston, 25 years later, some kind of symmetry preserved



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL S. ROSE

York Insurance, Dominion-Consolidated Truck Leasing, real estate holdings in 311 McLaughlin, cable television interests and some 400 subsidiaries spread across the globe.

In core, however, in black with North Sea oil. Picked up in 1973 when Jean Paul Getty, a much richer man, wanted the publisher of The Times around while the British government's allotted drilling rights to Americans, the Thomson family's interest in the Piper and Claymore oil fields in the North Sea amount to a 30 per cent share of 32 wells producing an incredible slice of all the earnings from under its deep-sea surface some \$500 million in income over the next five years. The cash that for 40 years of Ray's life had been turned back into the family companies finally started to flow exponentially last year—much to the relief of Thomson executives in Canada and Ray's sons, who, indeed as he is to an endless chain of 30-year trusts that begin to look inheritance money once the heirs turn 30. A relation of Ray's remembers a time 15 years ago—then of a man who once spent \$20,000, 100,000 more than he had spent in his life, to finance the Metropolitan Museum of Art, wanted for himself—when Kim Thomson couldn't find \$10,000 in quick cash to buy two Kingfisher's going at a bargain.

But with the North Sea money have come serious doubts about the British

brother Garfield presides over the equally sizable Associated British Foods Ltd. Weston's bid for the Ray was partly emotional, driven by father's last project as the two men purchased some 200,000 Ray shares last August. It took four embittered weeks that spring and Ken Thomson's larger plus all cash to finally convince Glen Weston that ownership of the Ray was not in his stars. "I was very disappointed," Thomson admits. But not enough to stall a negotiation and a before-mentioned by West and take-over. By last week he may have been trying to buy Canada Packers Ltd. Some things cannot wait.



Fred McCoskie, Manager London Ontario Office

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Limited**

widely held, under-priced and rich—had been glowing around as a possibility since Ray Thomson first eyed it through multiple lenses in the early 1970s. With Ray President Don McVie's driving, it would be the perfect long-term investment vehicle. It would appeal to Ken's sense of history (as does his maternal Rosedale, Toronto, home, where he lives with his wife, Marilyn, and two of their three children) and it would suit the discreet Thy/Thomson management style. Get control of a strong company and stay out of its affairs, Ray had always told them. "In a way," a relation remarks, "Grandad is still there. Because they still operate the way he set them up."

So that by the time Thomson and Thy decided to make a man at the Ray, they were determined to get it. Their initial bid of \$31 a share for an estimated 51 per cent of the Ray's stock seemed generous to the institutions which control 40 per cent of

the Bay's directors. But the Bay's directors had barely rejected Thomson's bid as hopelessly low when food king Gale Weston entered his own \$80 a share payable in cash and newly created shares of George Weston Ltd. Though the value of the shares was difficult to assess, John Tory, Thomson's immediate dismissal Thomson's bid. But they underestimated Ken Thomson's fortitude and, more importantly, John Tory's shrewdness. April 2, Tory shelved out another \$3,000 for strings and needed shareholders to underwrite the Thomson offer. \$35 a share for 60 per cent of the company with one ultimately crucial proviso—the Thomson offer was now unconditional, and would take up any number of shares tendered up to 60 per cent. Very few knew it, but John Tory had already won.

Weston's lawyers suspected as much. Screaming foul to the Ontario Securities Commission, the august body meant to referee take-over games, Weston's lawyer rejected Tory's offer as Thomson's bid was a new one, and that its closing date should therefore be extended by three weeks—thereby giving Weston's bid the early closing advantage. "The only thing they didn't change was the Thomson came and the expert company," complained Chris Lorne, Weston's senior lawyer. But a member of Weston's board told a different, more desperate story: "We knew

we couldn't make our offer unconditional," for as Gale Weston explains, "we only go for control." Belagued with odds from confused investors—should they tender to Thomson for cash now, or pass up the opportunity for (maybe more) Weston cash later?—the doc called an informal meeting April 3 and Weston went in fighting. The firm desperately needed time—to convince shareholders that its was the better offer, that 51 per cent of the shares would be tendered. Seven hours later, a see-off was arranged. Weston would stay talking at the Thomson offer and Thomson's would extend its closing date by three

days to give shareholders enough time to consider both offers. The Weston team few into action. Working with a seven-man executive group from stockbrokers Barra, Fry Ltd. and a sales force of 100, it hit upon what Lorne calls, "in all modesty, a brilliant response." "Very imaginative," Bay President Don McQuinn acknowledged. Under an unprecedented escrow agreement, Bay shares could be deposited with the Canada Trust Co. and, if at least 45 per cent of the shares had been deposited before the evening before the Thomson offer expired, Weston's would guarantee its offer.

But again it had underestimated John



The Torys, John (top) and Jen (left), want the Smith brothers were to tough drops

sonal Thomson Organization and Rogers Cable Telecommunications among them. What the Smith brothers were to tough drops. The Tory boys were to extend Canadian business, self-educating playboys in corporate events who risked it all to do business successfully and who knew that anonymity is power. Together they have

Tory. Armed with twin brother Jim and partner Gar Park from the family law firm Tory, Tory, Deslauriers & Birmingham, it was his turn to say well the escrow agreement, if it was legal at all, had not been disclosed to the retail shareholders Sunday, April 8, Weston's lawyers having worked through the previous night to produce a 30-page argument in defence of their belated escrow agreement, the 600 met again.

The outcome never mattered. Just as the meeting started—a little trick of timing his brother had picked up during Simpson's suspended self-defence against the Bay last December—Tory announced a better Thomson offer. He now wanted 75 per cent of the Bay, and he was willing to pay \$11 a share for it—\$641 million, some \$276 million more than Ken Thomson originally intended. Once again, business had initiated and The Bay's directors, meeting late in the afternoon, couldn't refuse Tory's new plan: tendering their own shares (which will net George Richardson, the governor, a pleasant \$96 in flow profit), they recommended their shareholders do the same. For the first time since he left Eaton's in 1969 to escape that dynasty's domination, Don McQuinn had a beam. At the time, it is not unlikely that Ken Thomson's mood had softened back to his lovely statistic. "I think," he says less wistfully, "that it goes to put your money where your heart is."

played a major role in any number of mergers since their father John D. D. Tory, O.B.E., engineered the 1952 Simpsons merger with Sears, Roebuck & Co., most notably Abitibi Paper's acquisition of the Pines Co. in 1975 and the more recent proxy fight for the Bay, successful largely due to John's mental miffing and Jim's and partner Gar Park's 24-hour legal services.

Dark-haired John has been preoccupied with the affairs of Bay Thomson since he began practicing law in 1954. In 1973, having spent 20 years helping his brother increase the firm's size, he told he went to work for Thomson, leaving the legal firm (of which the firm's a personal adviser) to handle-based Jim. But the two work together all the same, calling each other, trading advice and rumors culled from the 26 boardrooms they visit between them.

"They are both consummate lawyers and businessmen," says a colleague. More important in the small world of Canadian corporate maneuvering, they can play into nearly three generations of corporate talent: money (the Royal Bank of Canada, of which John is a director) and advice (Wood Gundy thanks to Vice-President James Lorne). Jim Tory's real-time negotiator, at a moment's notice. And then like all the most influential lawyers, they disappear from sight.

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The Tory twins and how they make things grow

As four-year-old John Tory, age 25, sits in his Toronto's Thomson Building no more than 60 degrees. Lawyer Ken Thomson's senior financial adviser, president of the five private family companies that sprout the Thomson fortune, architect of Ken Thomson's \$54.1 million grab for the Bay John Tory sits into an interview to tell a story. "I had the building supervisor up here the morning," he explains. "I told him I had some people coming in and that as I didn't want them to think I was eccentric writing my card, I'd have to tell them we weren't get any real in this building."

Just a small victory for a master negotiator, but decisive. John Tory is paid to get what Ken Thomson wants and he obviously does it effectively. Six blocks south in the Royal Bank's golden corporate headquarters, his twin brother Jim does almost the same thing for any corporate client who engages the top lawyers of the Tory, Tory, Deslauriers & Birmingham—Wood Gundy, Simpson-Sears, Internat-

Three's company for good ol' Lonesome George

He has seen alpine cardigans unbuttoned and cashmere V-necks pulled over. He has seen Arnie's Army give way to Lee's Flava and everybody stand aside for Jack's Pick. But week after week, year after year, for the better part of 30 years, Toronto's George Knudson has been a man without a countryman: the only Canadian consistently on the U.S. Professional Golf Association tour. Poor lonesome George.

But suddenly, this year, Knudson has some company. And it isn't the usual one: guy dropping in with a return ticket tucked into his double-knots; it's three guys—Jim Neilford, 55, of Vancouver, Dan Hallderson, 36, of Bradenton, Minnesota, and Dave Barr, 37, of Milwaukee, Wisc.—each with no intention of going home except for a brief visit for the

Canadian Open in Oakville, Ontario, in June. What's more, each of the young pros has indicated he has the potential to do something no Canadian other than Knudson has done in the PGA's modern era—win.

During the first week in February, Neilford went to the final hole challenging the leaders in the Flag Country National Pro-Am at Pebble Beach, California. Had he holed that hole, he would have tied for the lead and gone on to a playoff. He hooked his tee shot into the ocean, fouled his tee for such and collected \$18,025.

The next week, in Honolulu, Hallderson was tied for first place after two rounds of the Hawaiian Open. But he, like the rest of the field, watched the

Knudson, a trio of lions apparently

first two days as Hubert Gross went on an unstoppable hot streak to the title and the \$54,000 top prize. Hallderson settled for \$3,575, tied for seventh.

Barre-championed the following week at the Tucson Open, cracking the top 10 finishers—he tied for ninth—and picking up \$7,000.

March and April, which bring the faraway monsoons to the southeast U.S., were not as kind to the Canadians as February had been. Leaving California at the end of the short month, Neilford was 32nd on the money list with \$37,025, Hallderson 64th with \$51,967 and Barr 56th with \$9,003. Since then it has been a series of missed putts and missed cuts right through to the Magnolia tournament, outside of the Masters. Neilford is now 62th, Hallderson 78th and Barr 93rd in the cheque-cashing department.

But, like a good swing, the game of golf is ephemeral and the time has happened upon a down-cycle. They're not discouraged.

"Once you've been up there, once your name on the leader board, you know you belong," Hallderson says. "And I've already made enough money this year to be back next year. That in itself is an improvement." That is Hallderson's second crack at the big time. His first year, 1995, was a disaster. He didn't win any money and got dropped from tour. He felt ostracized because he was a Canadian. Now, he's not so sure it had anything to do with nationality. "I think we're still outsiders in some ways. But things have changed quite a bit since we've been playing decently."

And where has Lonesome George been while his young countrymen have been making their mark? Well, of George (he'll be 42 in June) was home nursing a sore hand, slogging white slopes rather than walking green ones, and planning his post-tour future. He negotiated a deal where he'll become a full-time, sometime teacher in Tennessee at a private club, instructing jet-set golfers but "in a full immersion course, reaching a great many people." But that doesn't mean he's dropping off the tour. He'll play in the Canadian Open and join the tour in the spring and fall.

But even if he never makes it back, if he retires with his eight championships (the last in 1973) and \$500,000-plus in official earnings, Knudson feels better about the world of golf knowing there are other Canadians around to carry the flag. "For a lot of years, I've heard Canadian kids say, 'What's the big deal?' I could compete on the tour if I wanted to." But they never got off their butts. Show me, don't tell me—and that's what these three kids are doing.

Ken Hecker

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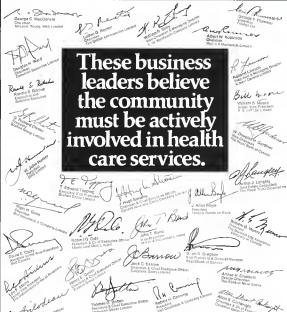
Deodrey Beebe's crisp, cotton khaki skirt and sunshine-splashed top, at Cadets



Lightning white skirt with sensuous silk topography from Anne Klein, at Creeds

Photos: style by Gerald Beall





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Medicine

Happiness is never having to say it's permanent

An Ottawa architect in his late 30s tossed into Dr. Edward Shapiro's office a white book, his 19-year-old lady friend in tow. He wanted a vasectomy, he explained, so there would be no chance of getting the young woman—so the young woman who might succeed her—pregnant. "Certainly, I was willing to do it to protect her and the others like her," reveals Shapiro. "It's his lady friend and he's certain that I don't have the right to impose my values."

But what if the young man discovers Mr. Right in the future and wants a family? Preliminary scientific data confirms the possible return of fertility for men who no longer want the ties that bind them.

As sterilization has gained in popularity, and as a younger population has come to regard it as an easily obtainable birth control option, physicians have acknowledged that the demand for reversals will undoubtedly increase.

A decade ago, it would have taken some shopping around to find a doctor or hospital month's commitment period to sterilize anyone under the age of 30. Today, doctors are far more willing to consider each case on its own merits, regardless of age, marital status or size of family.

Last year, more than 185,000 Canadians—167,500 women and 48,900 men—chose to undergo the ultimate form of birth control, according to federal health figures made available last month. The World Health Organization reported last year that sterilization is now the leading form of birth control worldwide, and Canadian officials say it ranks as the third most popular contraceptive choice here, trailing only the pill and the intrauterine device.

Vasectomy in men and tubal ligation in women have long been the contraceptive measures of choice for couples who have finished their families or, for medical reasons, should avoid pregnancy. But within the statistics is a somewhat smaller population of young couples who have decided to forego the rites of parenting entirely.

London, Ontario, obstetrician and gynecologist Dr. David Platteau, chairman of the Canadian Committee for Fertility Research, believes the large number of sterilizations performed in recent years might represent a backlog which will subside. But the high figures also

reflect a change in social attitudes toward family life. "I think young women are under far less pressure to have children today," Dr. Platteau says. Dr. James Henderson, a Mississauga, Ontario, physician who has performed hundreds of vasectomies, remarks

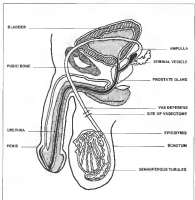


Shapiro: Increasing the ties that bind

"Some mature couples are deciding before marriage that they just don't want children. Usually, they wait a year or two to reinforce their viewpoint before the husband comes in. They like their lifestyle and they don't want to be tied down." And, an interesting aside: "We are finding that with a number of couples who come to us for counselling, both decide they want to be sterilized, to show their commitment," says Dallas Detloff, executive director of Planned Parenthood of Toronto.

Yet an increasing number of patients are relating to doctors' offers asking that the irreversible be reversed. Reversing, the death of a child, or even an improvement in the family fortunes, are all offered as reasons. In a study of 300 women who requested a reversal of tubal sterilization, Dr. Victor Giesel, head of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of British Columbia, found that 58 had been under the age of 25, and 89 under the age of 30 at the time of sterilization. Sixty-three wanted reversal because of a change in marital status, 21 because a child had died, 19 decided they wanted more children and six had experienced adverse psychological reactions to sterilization.

Microsurgical techniques now hold some promise for couples who experience a change of heart. But the procedures are time-consuming, expensive, and hold no guarantee of success.



Removing fertility in women is primarily dependent on the degree of damage the fallopian tubes underwent when they were sealed off to prevent the egg from travelling from the ovary to the uterus. Chances are of the tubes, for example, tends to leave considerable scarring. Good recommends the use of tiny plastic clips on a younger woman undergoing sterilization. It has a slightly higher failure rate, but offers the best chance for reversal. In a follow-up study of patients whose tubes were in good enough condition to attempt reversal and who otherwise had nothing impeding pregnancy, 96 per cent became pregnant after 18 months or longer.

If the microsurgical procedure is performed within three years of sterilization, the success rate is between 58 and 96 per cent. As time goes by, the likelihood of successful recovery of sperm production decreases (50 per cent after 18 years). The time interval between vasectomy and reversal is one of the most important factors determining whether the testis will recover and release healthy sperm in sufficient numbers.

Ottawa surgeon Shapiro believes he has overcome these problems through his open-ended technique, which he has performed on more than 100 patients.

A vasectomy usually involves cutting and sealing both severed ends of each vas deferens, the two tiny tubes which carry sperm from the testicles to the penis. After a vasectomy, the sperm continues to be produced but, unable to proceed beyond the barrier, it disintegrates and is absorbed by the body.

What was considered a routine "complication" of vasectomy is the formation of a tiny nodule of cells called a sperm granuloma, which allows a continual leakage of sperm. This leakage acts like a safety valve, preventing a buildup of pressure in the vas that could damage the system of ducts within the testes. A recently published study by St. Louis, Missouri, urologist Dr. Sherman Scher indicates that in men who have a sperm granuloma, reversibility stays at 96 per cent, no matter how long the interval.

Shapiro has been making only one end of the vas to allow the deliberate formation of this granuloma. He believes his patients, should they ever want reversal (in fact, none have) will stand an excellent chance.

"You still have to accept vasectomy as a permanent and irreversible procedure," says Shapiro. "But the results with the open-ended vasectomy have been ideal. The granuloma is small, it's completely harmless. All patients have expressed complete satisfaction, and I think one reason is their feeling of security. They haven't learned their bodies behind them."

—Sarah Ilavsky

Cities

An oil town wants all this . . . and the heavens too

At first glance the scheme resembles a classic case of febrile enthusiasm—a territorial grab for living space—only this was Edmonton in 1979 and not Austin, in the '50s. But when Edmonton council voted 9 to 3 last month (with one abstention) approving a massive annexation proposal, Edmonton's rural neighbors could be forgiven if they claimed they heard jackboots.

The proposal, if approved by Alberta's Local Authorities Board (LAB) and the provincial cabinet, would see Edmonton (population, 400,000) expand almost seven times its present size—from 183 to 805 square miles—making it the largest city the world has ever known.

Edmonton's mayor Ole Patten says the city had no choice but to expand to keep pace with the soaring demand for both industrial and residential land. Edmonton, he says, is "literally surrounded and cut off from further expansion by land expensive to her neighbors."

Neighboring regional governments are fighting the proposal. The county of Strathcona, which includes the nation's largest and wealthiest hamlet—Sherwood Park—is a taxpayer's haven. Seven million dollars a year in tax revenue from "refinery town" (the multi-company processing centre of Alberta's bubbling crude means residential taxes in the park are sometimes half Edmonton's rate).

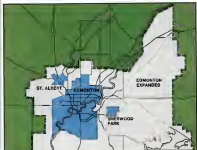
To the north, the city of St. Albert, incorporated in 1861 ("We were here before Edmonton," says Mayor Ben Harvey), is battling for its identity—and for an expected \$5-million-plus surplus revenue resulting from Leapfrog's election promise to retire municipal debt.

Edmonton has already dished out \$1.5 million in preparing the proposal and will sink out even more money in a public relations effort to convince voters that the expansion plan is in the best interest of all concerned.

But few citizens are convinced. A recent CBC TV poll of 1,300 Edmonton voters revealed they are 4 to 1 against.

In the end, LAB will pass along its recommendations to the provincial cabinet, where the Leapfrog government has already enunciated a small-is-better policy on urban growth. But city officials respond that Edmonton is trapped in a unique situation requiring a unique solution. They see the solution as a simple matter of all the surrounding areas incomes big city of Edmonton.

With no promises from the LAB of a decision until autumn, it will be some time yet before a bewildered Edmonton citizenry finds out whether they will dwell in a city twice the size of Hong Kong with their county neighbors in distant suburbs, or in their familiar digs with the sense of living in the centre of a great nation. —Wayne Skene



Tia Maria goes with Paris.
Tia Maria goes with milk.
Tia Maria goes with ice.
Tia Maria goes with Istanbul.
Tia Maria goes with him.
Tia Maria goes with Vodka.
Tia Maria goes with Janis.
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AVAILABLE LIGHT

Archeology

Standing up for what's deep down — 'wet' history

A month from now, Canada's legions of amateur scuba divers will don their wet suits, tug up their air tanks and plunge into clear and murky depths. A few will happen upon relics of antiquity, precious artifacts with tales to tell of Canadian heritage, treasures lost and endangered in their wake. This ancient disturbance of the sleeping past warms the professional archeologists' intent on recording, preserving and gently washing. Like a manager of a child-infested china shop, Andy Lockery looks on.

Twelve years ago, when he was 22 and working on his PhD thesis in sedimentology at Durham University in Durham County, England, Lockery hired two divers to take four samples from the North Sea. Lockery, a non-swimmer, was so fascinated by the divers and the good time they were having — "One came up with a lobster in his hand, the other with an antique bottle" — that he took swimming lessons from his wife and in three months was practicing diving.

Today much water has flowed under the bridge and over. Andy Lockery's head lies some 180 lengths a day, trains members of the river and Armed Forces in water diving, has pioneered artifact recovery techniques which have brought international recognition, and is spearheading a program to train amateur divers across Canada in the techniques of underwater archeology.

"My only regret," says the British-born Lockery, who directs the environmental studies department at the University of Winnipeg, "is that I didn't start diving 18 years earlier. There's so much to do."

Back to the line of Canada's hidden heritage, the treasures beneath its briny and not-briny waters, and his face illuminates with sheer joy. His rhinoceros tooth wrecks and artifacts of a bygone age, the silent, submarine channels of mariners ancient and modern. "To me most of Canada's history is 'wet' history and the wrecks that litter our coasts, lakes and rivers, are little time capsules. More of our history is below water than above it."

In 1973, after spending two years checking history books and making hydrographic surveys, he succeeded in bringing up a 156-pound ball of traders' artifacts that had lain at the bottom of a deep-sea section of rapids in the

Winnipeg River since the fur-trading days. All previous expeditions had failed, but Lockery's diving team located what they wanted in 45 minutes.

"It was hard and dangerous, so the divers wore ropes and crash helmets," says the super-fit neomancer. "You have to remember that in this stretch of river on the Ontario-Manitoba border the current is seven miles an hour, which is equivalent to trying to work on land in a hurricane of 300 to 400 miles per hour."

The expedition salvaged long-lost



Georgian Bay diver: pilage and plunder

china, axe heads and a timber-wolf trap from the 1801 to 1815 period, believed to be the oldest known in Canada. It also brought recognition in the *Journal of Maritime Research* and *Underwater Exploration*, amongst others, and more respectful phrases from academic colleagues who had viewed Lockery as something of an upstart interdisciplinarian, dabbling in fields belonging to historians and anthropologists.

From the unlikely base of Winnipeg, Lockery is fighting to protect Canada's waterlogged past from the type of pilage and plunder by sport divers that has ravaged archaeological sites in the rope Americas are now banned from

important sites in many countries and both Greece and Turkey reward artifact-smashers with two years in jail.

"I'm anxious that Canada won't go the same way," says Lockery. There are only about eight professional underwater archeologists in this country and we need the help of trained amateurs. They can do a great service to Canada and also help stock smaller museums."

Newfoundland, with over 3,000 recorded shipwrecks of its shores and only 480 located to date, has banned amateur divers from stretches of its coastline.

Interest in wrecks is enormous and hardly surprising when you consider that Canada has more coastline than any other country in the world, fringing as it does on three oceans. It also has more fresh water than all but one other country and, most important, its waters are unusually cold — a fact which greatly aids in wreck preservation.

"Some of the wood is so well preserved you could almost rebuild with it," says Lockery. "When I was on an Arctic diving trip in 1974 I examined the nearly intact wreck of *Sir James Knight*, which sank off Marble Island in 1782. The preservation is remarkable."

Canada has many such wrecks in isolated areas, as well as plenty in accessible ones. In the triangle between Nova Scotia, Sable Island and Newfoundland, Lockery says there are a hundred times more shipwrecks than in the more famous Bermuda Triangle.

The problem is that antiquated divers may move an artifact, thus destroying clues to where others might be. If they remove it from the water without any preservation treatment, they may also destroy the object. An iron cannonball



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE

submerged for those centuries may be in one piece underwater, but can fake into a pile of rust and dust within weeks of exposure to air.

"There have been tragedies where valuable material has been stolen or destroyed and we don't want that to happen here," says Lockery. "Nor do we want a ban on amateur divers because they've seemed to work as a team with the professional, who are less likely to spend much of his time in libraries rather than underwater."

As chairman of the scientific committee of the Association of Canadian Underwater Divers (ACUD), which is

Lockery with display case (above) and artifacts—a leg-hold trap (below, top) lock—were gloves than thermode freestyle



the governing body of sport divers, Lockery has developed a certification program which teaches searching, mapping, wreck simulation, excavation and lifting techniques. The aim is to train teams of divers in every province as locators and protectors of Canada's submerged heritage. Last year Lockery trained divers in Nova Scotia, this year he's expanding services in Manitoba and next year Ontario is the target.

"The interest is staggering," he says. "When I first gave this course in Winnipeg I had inquiries from across Canada as well as South Carolina, California and Florida. A lot of people have to be turned down, which is why I want to train others who can teach underwater methods."

But these who don't shape up have to ship out. "Half of all diving accidents are caused because the person is out of shape," he says. "I wouldn't let a physically fit person accept people in the course."

His other aim is to set up a national reporting network, so that new finds can quickly be brought to the attention of professionals and museum curators. Last summer at Oyster Pond, near Jeddah, Nova Scotia, a diving team located a schooner that sank in 1940 and belonged to the father of the local museum curator. "Finding artifacts to these small museums, which often have few funds, is a terrible source of public relations—for the amateur diver," says Lockery. "They have the opportunity to establish a positive responsible image."

Why does this lover of underwater worlds not in Winnipeg? Hardly as wild as Andy Lockery's locker. "It's handy for both the East and West Coasts and frankly the long, frozen winter is useful. It gives me time to do all the paperwork and research. If I lived by the sea I think I'd be out diving all the time."

Peter Curble-Gordie

Travel

Come on 'a my house, 'a my-a house

"Bed and Breakfast" seems to be a word of private homes in Holland, Germany, and the British Isles, even clean, comfortable beds and

Home-opening their doors in Manitoba, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. y all come



heartly breakfasts at less than half the cost of a hotel. New to Canada, the signs are now cropping up in such off-the-beaten-track places as Oyster Bed Bridge, Plan Coulee, Rivermouth, Pogo Blount's Delight, and Unga, where farmers welcome strangers into their spare bedrooms for overnight visits, modestly charging \$7 to \$10 a person for bed, breakfast, and a chat around the kitchen table.

The first organized attempt at establishing bed and breakfast in Canada began in Cape Breton. Several years ago the Nova Scotia government listed 60 regulated houses, all for the standard price of \$15 single, \$25 double. The program, now so popular that it's necessary to book well ahead, has inspired farmers, villagers and townsfolk throughout the country, some of whom already host week-long farm vacations, to open their doors to bed and breakfasters.

Betsy McMillan, of New Hamburg, Ontario, a farm vacation hostess for 11 years, plans to begin bed and breakfast service this summer. "There's a lot of extra cleaning and cooking to do with four or five more people living in the house, but the whole family pitches in to help." Her five daughters show visitors around the 45-bed dairy farm, teaching them to milk the cows and pick fruit, which the older girls bake into pies. A night at the farm, a short drive from the site of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival and the Muskoka Farmers' Market, costs \$25 a couple.

It's only \$7 per person at Adena and John Berg's 200-acre grass farm in Kamouraska, Saskatchewan, where, not far from the house, elk, moose and deer drink from the river. At these prices, an across-Canada roadster—driving down in P.E.I., hiking through the Rockies, or photographing the world's highest tides in Parnbrook, Nova Scotia—is affordable for many Canadian families. In winter, they can rent Saskia and Alexander MacKenzie at Cape Breton for ice fishing, cross-country skiing and sledding (\$20 a night per couple), or they could sleep over at the Haddon's bed farm in Albert County, New Brunswick (\$10 each), after a ride as one of their horse-drawn sleighs.

Those stopovers are listed along with 300 others in *Country Bed and Breakfast Places in Canada* to be published this month by Denise & Greenberg Editor John Thompson, of Luss, Quebec, says the book was prompted by his fond memories of a bed and breakfast home he once visited in England. Records Thompson: "Sitting in the parlor by the fire, my wife and I made friends with all sorts of local people. Next day, the family drove us around, showed us their sheep grazing in the mountain pastures and we ended up shaking hands on

their kitchen table. We left at home in a strange country and I wanted to provide that opportunity to travellers here."

It took a year of advertising in small rural newspapers to turn up 700 people willing to give a roof to a trier, often only seven of these are in B.C., eight in Quebec and no one has yet opened their doors in Northern Ontario. The hosts themselves have written descriptions of their accommodations for the listings and the results are often charming. "Our home is the only one in the area with a garden on the roof."

"We have modernized our home—it has running water and electricity and five empty rooms..."

"Please bring your own bedding for less than three-night stays..."

"Come and see our prize sunset..." The name will be in villages, tucked on trees, and pinned to bulletin boards at corner stores this summer. Away from noisy lights, and rooms that all look the same, an old way of helping travellers make their way may bring them closer to what they seek.

Elaine Wase

Children and the wasteland

A TV family breakfast. Children smile over bowls of General X. Anouncer: "The finest natural ingredients go into General X. A new source serving with milk is a good source of daily protein." (Panic!) Of course, the protein is mostly in the milk. General X has hardly any. In fact it's more than 50-per-cent sugar. And that could cause tooth decay.

It may sound like a Second City TV comedy routine, but the U.S. Federal Trade Commission (FTC) has seriously considered forcing advertisers to make a "full disclosure" of nutritional information in cereal and snack commercials aimed at children. Advertisers were not enthusiastic about this notion, and even less so about either FTC proposals issued during six weeks of public hearings in San Francisco and Washington, D.C., which wound up last month—proposals ranging from requiring advertisers to fund "affirmative" announcements in favor of proper nutrition, to a ban on advertising all children's foods with a certain sugar content, and on to a total ban on advertising to children under the age of 8.

Growing evidence that TV commercialism is capable of understanding



could have adverse effects on children has triggered off a major "bivide" debate in the U.S. On the one side are consumer activist groups, on the other, the richest, most powerful advertising industry in the world.

Canadians are luckier and less advanced in this debate. The CRTC has claimed neutral leadership here, having banned all advertising during children's viewing time for those under 13 back in 1975. The Quebec national assembly, meanwhile, took the legislative lead with Bill 72, passed last December, which will extend that prohibition to all TV stations within the province by next fall.

In the rest of Canada, though, neither the Quebec action nor the U.S. debate has aroused much interest—even though some of the strongest testimony at the FTC hearings came from Canadian researchers. Dr. Marvin Goldberg, associate professor of consumer psychology at Montreal's McGill University, reported on a seven-year series of studies with which he was involved. One study, he said, showed that first graders exposed to TV commercials for highly sugared snack and breakfast foods chose those foods in preference to more wholesome snacks, even though they knew them to be less healthy. Another study in a Montreal day-care centre found that 60 per cent of children who saw a toy commercial chose that toy over another preferred by mothers, compared to only 25 per cent of those who did not see the commercial.

Commercialism also affects adults, of course, but they at least have some understanding of advertising: they know when they are being sold to, and why. It is his testimony for the FTC com-

munications specialist Dr. Kenneth O'Flynn of Toronto's Addiction Research Foundation suggested that the majority of children under the age of 8 do not have this ability, and that they are "developing mentally incapable of understanding the concept of 'selling intent.'" Children in this age range are likely to accept the claims of TV hawksters quite uncritically. Dr. Goldberg once asked his subjects "Do TV commercials tell the truth?" Most children of 7 and under said yes, eight- to 10-year-olds showed a growing skepticism, and those over 10 were already almost full-blown cynics.

Children in English Canada are not wholly unprotected against advertising. All commercials aimed at children are vetted for conformity to the Children's Broadcast Code by the Advertising Standards Council, a self-regulatory industry body. This code is extensive, but perhaps not extensive enough. Dr. O'Flynn has recommended a complete ban on advertising to children of 7 or less, and a partial ban on advertising of high-sugar snacks up to age 9.

Realistically, such a ban is hardly on the cards either in the U.S. or English Canada. Dr. Goldberg believes that the FTC will ultimately produce a much more limited compromise solution.

As for English Canada, kiddie advertising is simply not being discussed. Which may be a great pity. As in the debate over TV violence, the research evidence is by no means conclusive. But it is already suggestive enough to shift the burden of proof away from the researchers and concerned parents and onto the advertising industry itself. This is, after all, the Year of the Child.

Andrew Weiler

The grand menora of glitter rock

Thank goodness for Texas. Without it there would never be a Kinky Friedman, proudest member of an ethnic group so small that even the U.S. census bureau doesn't record it—steep kosher crevices. For all those city slickers with BMW cockroaches, those ranch hands who saddle up in two car suburban garages, Kinky Friedman is Texas incarnate—one more example of the Lone Star state's amazing ability to transform larger-than-life vulgarities into varieties of pop culture. Kinky Friedman's greatest hits: *They Ain't Makin' Jews Like Jews Anymore*, *Angels From El Paso* and *The Ballad of George Whitman*, a tribute to the singer who peaked off 16 people at the University of Texas in 1965.

With a repertoire of sociological and racial musings that can pull apart anybody from a beer-guzzling good boy to Henry Kissinger, Friedman has taken his lumps—literally. Folk singer Buffy Sainte-Marie, of Cree Indian descent, attacked him with a rubber tumbawreck during a rendition of his song, *Ballad of Jim Jones*, about the Prime Minister who raised the American flag at Iwo Jima during World War II. But Friedman remains undaunted by attacks, verbal and physical. "Even kids need entertainment. I cherish my prejudice. I don't want to be some meekening vegetarian nut."

Nevertheless, he has been winning more friends these evenings at his Kinky has drawn such jaded opponents as Justice Ginsburg and Margaret Trudeau to his set at New York's Lone Star Café, but the fact he is most proud of is a crop of young men whose roots are as far from Manhattan as Friedman's Knoxville, Texas—the New York Rangers. "They're real good Americans, those Canadian boys," grins Kinky. "What I mean is, honestly, those Rangers are nice. I mean I thought they would like me because stuff, but they go for my balls." Although unable to resist a jab at his new pals when he calls "the hockey whoopee," Friedman has gone to two Madison Square Garden games to catch on-ice performances by guitarists Eric Burdon and Jefferson Starship, and he has been seen with Kiss and Cheap Trick. "I don't know the first thing about the game," he explains, "but they won the first time I went, so I



Kinky under that Stetson hat was once little Ricky Friedman of the Pecos Corral

figured the least I could do for them was to go again. What I'd really like to do is a concert—Kinky Friedman sings with the New York Rangers." He has some very personal reasons for visiting the Canadian connection—his lady friend, known mysteriously as Caddie, comes from Vancouver. For a man Jewish by a choice to express a young lady's family can never be passed up.

There was a time, before the wine-cracks and the Stetson hat, when Richard Friedman majored in classics at the University of Texas and enrolled in the Pecos Corral. Over in Rome, where his father's security as introducing a Friedman to the local population, Richard Friedman, a boy who could have been a professor like his father, disappeared and in his stead emerged Kinky Friedman, the Grand Menora of Glitter Rock. Kinky recruited a backup band, appropriately called the Texas Jewboys, and began a frenetic assault on American sensibilities. The reviews were good but the records didn't sell and the mid-'70s found a discouraged Friedman in Los Angeles. In 1977 he cut loose from the Jew-boys, married with Bob Dylan, he bunkered down at the Lone Star Café, apparently

privately advertising the best hockey team north of

Albany. Now he plans to headline the opening of a London Lone Star and promises continental cowboys similar stands where branches open in Paris and Stockholm. Success may not change everything. "No way I'm going to open a place in Germany," Kinky says. No way will have time either if current plans materialize. Kinky talks continuously of network interest in a television series and there are tentative plans for a Broadway show, reportedly about a Jewish cowboy from Palestine, Texas, who takes up with a waitress called Mary Anne Frank.

While some of his humor still derives from the great Texas tradition as well-expressed by photos of Johnson Davidson displaying his postoperative abdominal nerve, Kinky's latest work exhibits a most fully lived satire and a new conception of his own role. *Homecoming Hero of 1965* is light years from the noxious vulgarity of *Go! Your Bananas in the Oven* and *Your Butt into Bed*. Kinky still has his born musical ego, even the lure of his particular delusions—his long time fling with Jodie Van, Jew-boy, creates a horrifying image of Jew-boy being slaughtered up during the Holocaust. After all, he has made a career out of finding similarities where others see only cultural anthropomorphisms. "Texans and Jews," he explains, "are the only people who wear their hats indoors." Rita Christopher



Out of the desk drawer and into the fire

Successful writers don't have one in their desk drawer. Usually it is being "looked at again" with an eye to "working on it" now that the writer is a success. First novels, if all the odds publishers receive about them really reflect the sentence of manu-

script (Giller Macmillan will let the ones with pre-publication paperback and book-club sales worth \$500,000 and more right off to be negotiated). In February, James K. Trotter's first novel *Deus Grex* (Doubleday), a winning combination of solitary and slaughter at West Point, brought \$500,000 for paperback rights and "a good start" for the movie sale. Ever since the 1978 appearance of Judith Goss's best-selling first novel *Ordinary People*, publishers have been treating unsolicited manuscripts with new respect. Which is not to say that all is rosy. Canadian fiction writers still find their manuscripts disappearing into publishers' memory holes ("Macmillan has had my novel for 13 months now," laments journalist Gary Ross, "and they were the ones who asked for it").

First novels often suffer from short-sightedness that expresses alienation from a writer's work. But writing novels is not like learning to land airplanes. You may do very well right off the bat, but you don't necessarily get better with practice. Some first novels illustrate the point. Bruce Moore's *Fourth Wave*, Richard Wright's *Weather Men* or, in the great master's lineage, Gail's *Weather*, Preston's *Do not be like Snow*, and Erich Segal's *All Quiet on the Western*

Front. And though every generation has its martyrs, Canadian first novels seem to suffer more acutely than their European and U.S. counterparts from the tricky syndrome of "shiny veiled autobiography." Given the happier limitations of Canada's experience—no recent wars, plagues, famine or civil wars—they have tended to limit both the literary and commercial interest of our novels. And while a marvelous story can be told about life on the University of Toronto campus or growing up Jewish in Winnipeg, it has to be through the present-day sieve. A fascinating or bizarre setting, on the other hand, can go a long way in grabbing interest even if the craftsmanship of a *Requiem* is missing from the writer.

Take William Wharton's *Body of Jew*, a Feb. 28's set in the bleak inner-city world of 30s Philadelphia. *Body* is the story of a boy who wants, simply, to become a bird. The writing is uneven, at times the prose becomes almost grotesquely unattractive, but *Body* has a rare power that dwells in an urgent world with unbanished themes. In a sense *Body* illustrates perfectly what the word novel really meant originally: something new or new whether in subject or treatment. Similarly Trotter's *Deus Grex* grips not because of the quality of its prose or even the suspense of its story—the investigation of the murder of a young officer—but because of the reader's immersion in the novel world of a military school.

Fourteen years ago Walter Murphy began *The Year of Christ*, the 400-page-plus book that chronicles the life of Decius Wulsh, a Korean war hero who becomes in rapid succession chief

justice of the United States, supreme pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church—and possibly God. It is an extraordinary piece of work, complex, perhaps rivalling in its reflex liberal assumptions about secular and church law, but a profiling workout for anyone interested in ideas. Murphy's own background as a decorated hero of the Korean War and a reluctance of law to clearly sit play him, but fashioned into an outrageous piece of fiction that does what even a novel of ideas ought to do—takes the leap of imagination that propels the reader into unknown constellations.

Canadian first novels seem to prefer to opt into fiction. There are exceptions of course—John Reardon Rod's 1978 novel *Book of Prey* and now Jack McLeod's marvelous *Zinger & Me* (McClelland & Stewart). McLeod's novel is a series of letters between an enigmatic young assistant professor at Toronto's Chalmers University and a series of his friends (including Frances Z. Springer, an irrepressible ex-crazed journalist who acts upon his impulses to grief and practise lechery with a regularity that should qualify Zinger for immortality on our worst list of Canadiana stamps. Other novels stay closer to home. Katherine Goss's *Random Desert* (Macmillan) dwells to the Canadian experience and gives it to us in much detail and undeniably fluent

writing. This is the story of a fairly unremarkable Canadian family traced back four generations. As a historical or sociological piece of Canadiana the book is mostly superior in quality of prose and detail to any textbook. As a work of fiction it all seems rather pointless except perhaps as therapy or practice for the author. Sandra Godwin's autobiographical novel *True Confessions* (Macmillan), on the other hand, covers a multitude of ordinariness with a generous helping of humor. Growing up Jewish in Winnipeg is not in itself an "Open Season" to a world of entertainment. But Gail's writing with much economy and a genuine sense of comedy. What remains to be seen is whether writers like Gail can overcome what Tim Walle calls "the first novel curse" in which an author pours all of his experiences into the first book leaving himself high and dry for the second. Such pitfalls are not used by government policies that make some literary grants, for example, conditional on writers selling their books in B.C. to qualify for a BC provincial writing grant. If we can win our post-secondary salaries away from the confines of their prairie homesteads or high school scrapbooks and into the fluid shifting geography of the world of the imagination we may have better luck in developing Canada as a good literary address.

Barbara Amiel

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICION

- 1 *We and Remembrance*, West (15)
- 2 *Gentlemen, Riders* (2)
- 3 *Stand as Guard*, Harb (4)
- 4 *The Maltese Child*, Lafflaw (10)
- 5 *Chompers*, Mollen (3)
- 6 *A Very Political Lady*, Lafflaw (20)
- 7 *The Piggy Project*, Wallace
- 8 *Children of My Heart*, Roy (6)
- 9 *The Book of Common Prayer*, Sandford (1)
- 10 *Who Do You Think You Are?*, Mann

NONFICION

- 1 *Beyond Reason*, Tyndine
- 2 *Lauren*, Baskin by Mervin, Baskin (15)
- 3 *My Guitars*, Lefebvre (2)
- 4 *Supple*, Living and Living, Whitaker (3)
- 5 *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*, Auld (4)
- 6 *Women's Studies*, Crawford (10)
- 7 *Swimming Gypsy*, Newman (6)
- 8 *Preparing Your Income Tax Returns*, Lachance, Sinks (7)
- 9 *A Distant Heart*, The Calendar
- 10 *Are You Paying Too Much Tax?*, Roth, Whitaker

1. First list only
Prepared with the aid of the
Canadian Publishers Association

McLeod letters of a late-erased journal

scripts may be Canada's largest resource. Proceeding painfully page by page from the typewriters of the Great Unpublished, the first novel is emerging as both a hot literary and commercial property.

Five years ago the attitude toward new novelists was cool. "Of course I'll read it," replied Anna Porter, then editor-in-chief of McClelland & Stewart, in answer to an aspiring writer's tremulous call, "but as unknown I'm a much better chance in competition." That was before Canada's publishers had recognized the paperback and subsidiary rights value of a good story and established mass-market paperback divisions of their own. Today Porter heads up Sea Books where the color of a good novel has translated into the \$50,000 annual first-novel hunt in the United States the movie studios are optioning a story-to-be-written first fiction with a cheque-book-and-cigar largesse that comes straight out of one of their own *Loose Ends*. Explained one movie mogul to Publishers Weekly: "We're optioning because a book writer reveals a trend. Screenwriters take onto existing ones."

This week American author Walter Murphy's first novel *The Year of*

Dress Curav
A NOVEL
Lucy Trus
True Confections

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'Unwittingly, this scandalous lady has epitomized the election issue'

By Allan Fotheringham

One of the stranger aspects of this very strange election is that no one dare mention the subject everyone is thinking about: Margaret. It is partially a measure of the grey, tentative Canadian voter and partially a measure of the supine Canadian press which, slivering, runs those truncated, puffed-up, pre-chewed hooks from her book but then refuses from discussing the larger issue. The issue, if you must know, is that Margaret's book reveals more about the prime minister of Canada than it does about Margaret. As such, it is legitimate matter for discussion, when we are about to defend or reject that same private, protective gentleman.

A large myth has been allowed to accumulate that Pierre Trudeau has been harassed and harmed about his private life by the vulgar Canadian press. In fact, the opposite is true. No other recent political leader—considering the prosecution—has been so ignored, let alone treated. The Australian public—still without sufficient answers as to how the late prime minister Harold Holt died (apparently) while swimming alone—would not get up with the way our prime minister so disappears to distant corners of the world while following his orders not to follow. The Americans would rebel. In truth, we have become intimidated by Trudeau. His threats and warnings and appeals about the personal life had, over the years, made these of us in the press—employers and employees alike.

The Margaret book by accident gets us a rare insight into the man we will encounter in the polling booth. Quite surprisingly, what emerges is a Pierre Trudeau far from the decisive autocrat who has launched all the strong personalities from his subtext. Here is a tentative Trudeau, worrying before marriage (twice, as it turned out) whether Margaret would remain faithful to him, saying "almost surely, I know you'll love me one day." We learn, as a sensitive footnote to history, it was because a "servant and mistress" she was so jealously

about the appalling secret ceremony that he blurted out the supposed "Teddie fuddle" in the *Geoscience*.

There is, in a way, a more compassionate Trudeau who cries openly with Margaret during his marriage ordeal, who cries hysterically at getting the news of Pierre Laporte's murder who so obviously loved his three sons and—stily detecting which trees have rotting trunks—goes to his adoring sons that he can fell a tree with a single look. But, always, there is that solitary soul that existed alone for 30 years and

didn't exchange presents at Christmas. There is the husband who arrived home "punctually" at 6:45 every night, swam "14 laps, never more, never less," and 37 minutes later was ready for his sons and their dinner "punctually" at eight, followed by 45 minutes during which he would do nothing requiring deep thought while he "as he puts it, digests." Then "I was absolutely forbidden to interrupt him as he worked Time with Willy van Over." It sounds like *dearborn* Klobbeber.

There is through the eyes of this politically naïve, incredibly vain young girl turning into a woman the perpetual fractious of the marriage that her mother and all of us thought would never work. The flower child who doesn't want to grow up and still at 39 found sa-lim in drugs (her government's drugs, not Joan Kennedy's alcohol), found on becoming Mrs. Trudeau that "a glass panel was gently lowered into place around me, like a patient in a mental hospital who is no longer considered able to make decisions and who cannot be exposed to a harsh light." She never stops extolling her husband as a shy, gentle, loving man, but recalls what he told her solemnly when they were first married: "One of the best things about Mother was that she never disturbed me."

Margaret Trudeau—again, unlike the myth—is a very intelligent person. Her insights (on Koyak who cried on leaving her, on Brezhnev, on Ivan Hunt—"that pompous and somewhat self-important man," on Ottawa, on Choe Rolai, Nixon) are shrewd. She will have to answer to herself and her children for her silliness and destructive vanity. But it all gets down to Pierre Trudeau's motto: "Reason be free passion." Unwittingly, this scandalous lady has epitomized the election issue. She left the marriage convinced that "Pierre's solution to subordinate everything to women and will was wrong." A useful book, yet another small clue to the unfathomable puzzle that is one of the men you will find on your ballot.

exists again alone. Concluded Margaret before marriage. "He was destined for eternal solitude." The indifference who "inherited his mother's paranoias and fragility" insisted at 24 Sussex Drive on denying himself "with the arrival and recurrent travel he could by hands on." This superb athlete "won't play a single competitive game." He gets him- self only against the elements. Does he dream in French or English? "He has, patiently as to a child. I don't think in words, Margaret. I think in the abstract."

There is, chillingly, the discussion on the risk arises with the IRS supposedly explaining to his young wife that if ever she or any baby of hers was kidnapped there would be no deal, no amnesty. Would that mean he would allow her and the children to be killed? If he was to believe Margaret, the stern answer was, "Yes. Yes, I would." There was the shock of the giftfully innocent shot in the biblical sense, thank you boys of finding that the cerebral Trudeau



The Alberta Vodka Mogul Masher

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into a tall glass
with crushed ice pour
75 cc Alberta Vodka.
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